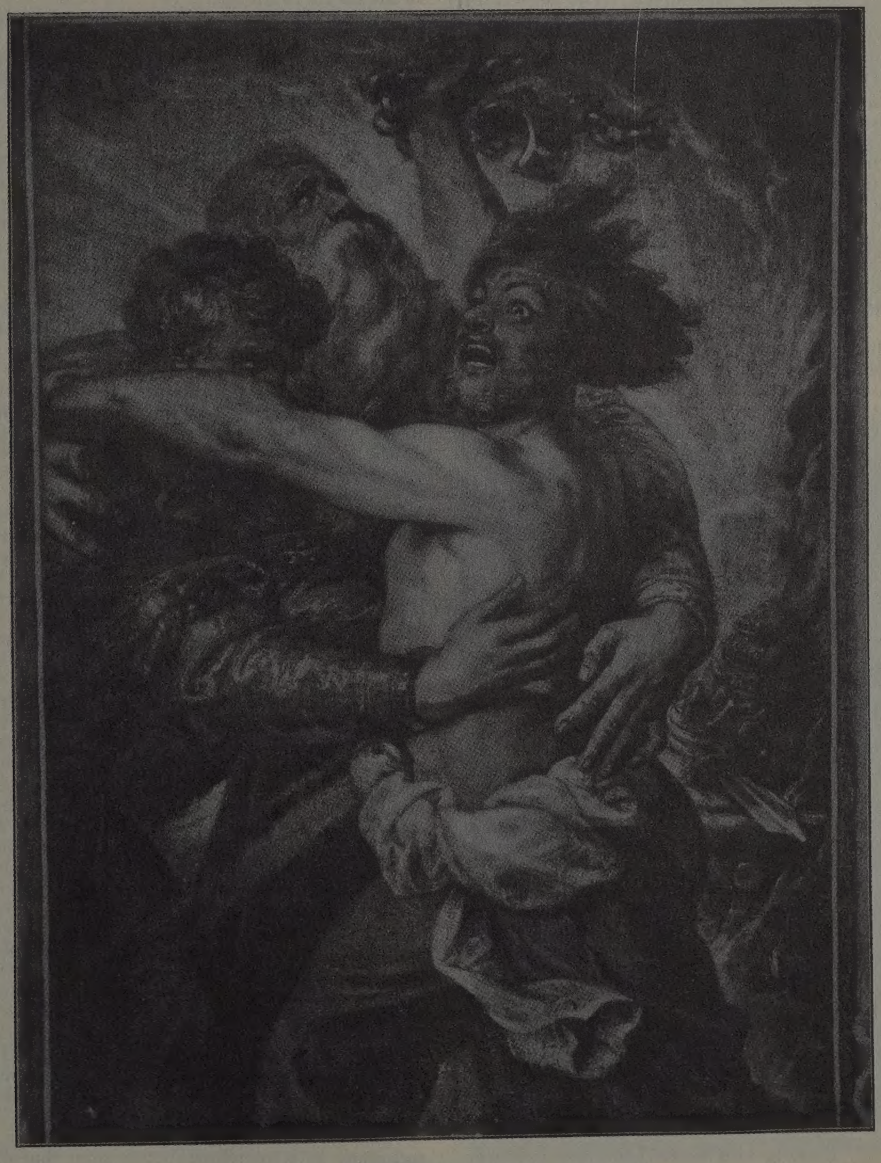
Number 4 Volume 3

THE COMRADE



"THE TRIUMPH OF LABOR"

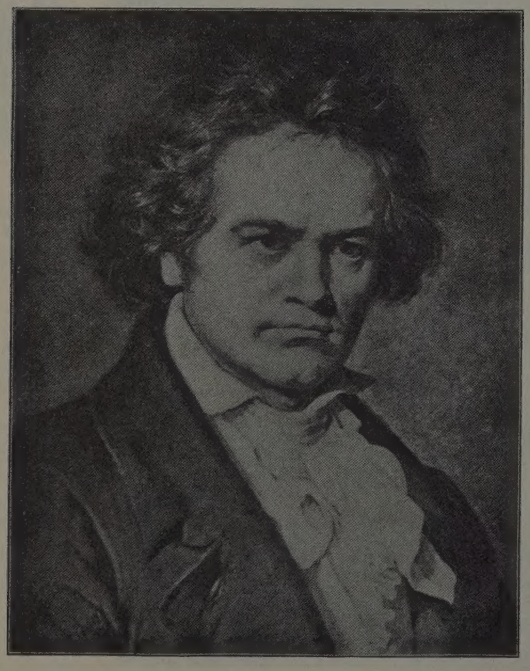
By Antoine Wiertz

Beethoven

By Carrie Rand Herron

BONN, a town on the Rhine a few miles above Cologne, was the seat of an electorate and numbered some 10,000 inhabitants, which were chiefly people of the court, and the priests. It was here, December 16th, 1770, that Ludwig van Beethoven was born. He was the oldest son of Johann and Maria Magdalena Beethoven. The father, who sang tenor and received an appointment as court singer, inherited from his mother a desire for liquor, which doubtless caused Ludwig much trouble and anxiety during his early life. His mother was the daughter of a head cook. The "van" in the name is not a title of nobility, as is usually supposed; and Beethoven once said, pointing to his head and heart, "my nobility is here and here."

Ludwig's musical education began when he was very young. His father began teaching him the rudiments of music when he was not yet four years old, and at this time he was obliged to practice hours on the pianoforte each day. Soon he also began practicing on the violin, and he would be locked in his room until the daily task was finished. It is said he did not at all like to practice on the latter instrument. He was soon put under the instruction of Tobias Pfeiffer, who was as fond of drink as Beethoven's father, and they would spend hours together at the inn, when Pfeiffer would remember the boy had had no lesson that day. He would then go and drag the child from bed, and often keep him at the instrument until daybreak. As we see, the boy's training was severe and exacting in the extreme. He had but little education aside from music. He learned to read, write and reckon, but before he was thirteen his father decided his cholastic education was finished. His lack of education was a sore trial and mortification to him all his life, though from a boy he was a great reader.



Ludwig van Beethoven

He was a sombre, melancholy person and seldom joined in the sports of his age.

At the age of eleven, he is said to have played the pianoforte with "energetic skill." At about this time, he wrote nine variations on a given theme, which his teacher had engraved to encourage him. Neefe, with whom he was studying, and to whom Beethoven, after many years, acknowledged his many obligations, said that if he should keep on as he had begun that he would surely become a second Mozart.

At eleven years and a half old, he played the organ in the absence of the organist. The next year he assisted at operatic rehearsals and played the pianoforte at the performances. At about this time, he became almost the main support of his mother and brothers. When he was thirteen, the first three sonatas were published. A year after he was named second organist.

In 1787, when he was sixteen years old, he went to Vienna where he met Mozart and took a few lessons from him. After Beethoven had invented a fantasia on a given theme, Mozart said to those present, "Pay attention to this youngster; he will make a noise in the world one of these days."

He was soon called back to Bonn by the death of his mother. After this, he had the care and responsibility of his father and two younger brothers. In 1792, the father died, and soon after Beethoven left Bonn and went to Vienna, which place he made his home until death. Being away from there only for a short time now and then, Beethoven, who is without doubt the greatest of all instrumental composers, began his career as a pianoforte virtuoso, and his earliest compositions are principally for that instrument. At this time he was chiefly known for his extempore playing. His compositions were as yet insignificant.

For three years after going to Vienna, he devoted himself to study, taking lessons from Haydn among others. With but few exceptions, he was unpopular with his teachers. They considered him obstinate and arrogant, and his "I say it is right" was anything but pleasant to them. Haydn prophesied greater things of him as a performer than a creator of music. His superiority as a performer even was not so much in display of technical proficiency as in the power and originality of improvisation as "most brilliant and striking; in whatever company he might chance to be, he knew how to produce such an effect upon every hearer, that frequently not an eye remained dry, and listeners would break out into loud sobs; for in addition to the beauty and originality of his ideas, and his spirited style of rendering them, there was something in his expression wonderfully impressive." He was very particular as to the mode of holding the hands, and placing the fingers, in which he followed Bach; he had a great admiration for clean fingering; his attitude at the pianoforte was quiet and dignified. He did not like to play his own compositions, and only yielded to an expressed wish when they were unpublished. He was a superb pianoforte player, fully up to the requirements which his last sonatas make upon technical skill, as well as intellectual and emotional gifts.

Czerny, who was a pupil of Beethoven, describes his technique as tremendous, better than that of any virtuoso

of his day. He was remarkably deft in connecting the full chords, in which he delighted, without the use of the pedal. But it was upon expression that he insisted most of all when he taught.

He was hot tempered and rude, and though he had friends, yet he often quarreled with them. The noble women of Vienna were fond of him and his rudeness seemed to fascinate them; even when he would roar angrily at a lesson or tear the music in pieces, they would not become offended. He never married, but was devoted to, and in love with, one woman after another.

Czerny was but ten years old when he met Beethoven, and some years after he wrote as follows: He mentions the apartment as a "desert of a room—bare walls—paper and clothes scattered about—scarcely a chair, except the rickety one before the pianoforte. Beethoven was dressed in a dark gray jacket and trousers of some long-haired material which reminded me of the descriptions of Robinson Crusoe. The jet black hair stood upright on his head. A beard, unshaven for several days, made still darker his naturally swarthy face; his hands were covered with hair, and the fingers were very broad, especially at the tips."

Beethoven was short, but broadly built, and awkward though quick in his movements. However careless he may have been in his dress at ordinary times, it is evident, from the society which he occasionally frequented, that he must have possessed the art of making himself presentable, and, leaving all questions of dress aside, the countenance contains many fine traits. Especially is this true of the mouth, which is singularly sweet and flexible. The eyes also are deep and serious, and the whole impression of the man must have been not alone that of force, physically considered; but still more so, as shown in his countenance, the expression of a deep and noble spiritual force. This quite agrees with what we read of the master's incisiveness and directness in conversation, and his mirthfulness, with his loud and ringing laugn. He was simple in certain ways and easily tricked or deceived. He was also absent-minded. He enjoyed pranks at the expense of others. He was of a restless nature and changed his lodgings often. The influence of heredity, the early unfortunate surroundings, the physical infirmity that was probably due to the sins of his father, the natural impatience with the petty cares of life on the part of a man whose head was in the clouds:—all these unfitted him for social intercourse with the gallant world in which he was, however, a welcome guest. He preferred nature to man, and was never so happy as when walking and composing in the open. In fields and woods, he meditated his great compositions. If ever there was an ardent lover of nature, it was the composer of the Pastoral Symphony. The twilight was his favorite hour for improvising.

His first appearance in Vienna in public was in 1795 at the Burgtheatre, at which time he played his pianoforte concerto in C major. There was a difference of half a tone between the piano and the orchestral instruments, and he played the concerto in C sharp major.

When Beethoven was but twenty-six years old, he had a severe illness which eventually settled in the organs of hearing. Everything was done that could be, but total deafness was the final outcome.

"You cannot believe," writes a friend, "what an indescribable impression the loss of hearing has made upon Beethoven; imagine the effect on his excitable temperament of feeling that he is unhappy; then comes reserve, mistrust often of his best friends, and general irresolution. Intercourse with him is a real exertion, as one can never throw off restraint." "Beethoven's deafness," says Goethe, "has not hurt so much his musical as his social nature."

It may be questioned if his musical nature were affected at all other than favorably by his infirmity. His art was greater than the man, or rather the man in his art was greater than himself; his deafness, even by shutting him within, seems to have increased his individuality, for, from the time of its absolute establishment onward, his compositions grew in musical and intellectual value, and each generation finds in them something new to study and to appreciate. He wrote not for his time alone, but for all time.

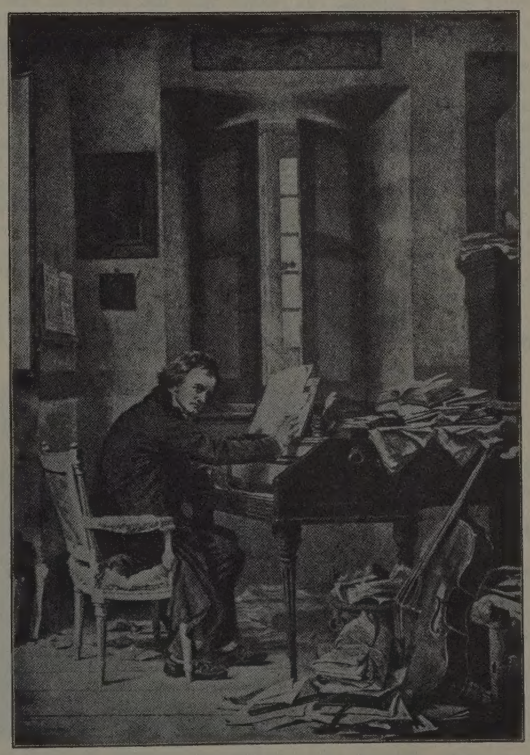
It was about the time his deafness came upon him that he composed almost constantly. Whether his deafness had anything to do with it, or whether it was owing to his natural development, I do not know. He said in a letter, "I live only in my music, and no sooner is one thing done than the next is begun; I often work at three or four things at once."

Beethoven was a great admirer of Napoleon as long as he was First Consul, and named one of his symphonies "Bonaparte"; but when Napoleon made himself Emperor of the French, Beethoven burst into violent reproaches and tore in pieces the title page of his symphony.

He revered the leaders of the American Revolution, for he was a republican by sentiment. He dreamed of a future when all men should be brothers, and the finale of the Ninth Symphony is the musical expression of the dream and the wish. He was born in the Roman Catholic faith, but his prayer book was "Thoughts on the Works of God in Nature," by Sturm. Many passages in his letters show his sense of religious duty, and his trust and humility.

He copied and kept constantly on his work table these lines found on an Egyptian temple:

I am that which is.
I am all that is, that has been, and that shall be;



Beethoven in his study

no mortal hand has lifted my veil. He is by himself, and it is to him that everything owes existence.

In 1815 his brother Caspar died, leaving the care of his son Carl to the uncle. The boy caused Beethoven much anxiety and trouble, and proved to be of little worth. And the last years of Beethoven's life were filled with sorrow on account of the boy. He would make any sacrifice for his nephew and offered his manuscripts to the publishers in order to procure money for him.

In December, 1826, Beethoven caught a severe cold from exposure which resulted in his death, March 26th, 1827. In his last illness, he was in real need of help. He at last sent to two former friends, members of the Philharmonic Society, begging them to arrange for a concert of his benefit. The Society immediately sent him five hundred dollars. Most of his friends had forgotten him, or were too busy to do anything for him at the time of his great suffering and need.

No musician has rivaled Beethoven. His works are, much more than the works of other masters, of a nature peculiar to themselves. This peculiarity manifests itself in the fact that through his works, instrumental, and more particularly pianoforte music, attained to idealism and became the expression of determined ideal thought. Before this time, they had been (with a few exceptions of Bach) only a graceful play of tone figures, or else a re-echoing of flitting and indefinite frames of mind. But even such of Beethoven's works in which no ideal content can be traced, distinguish themselves from the large majority of all others (except Bach) through the earnestness and endurance with which the master has developed them.

The individually different character of Beethoven's pianoforte works explains the reason why the works of other masters do not serve as a preparation toward the study of these. We may know the compositions of all other composers, and yet find ourselves in a new world with Beethoven. And with him, one work does not even sufficiently prepare for the understanding of another. With many composers to conquer one is to be able to master all, but with Beethoven, it is not so. Each work makes its own particular demands; therefore each must be individually conceived.

Through Beethoven we are lifted up into the ideal kingdom of art, and we gain through each work a new and peculiar perception. To interpret a work of this master, not only a certain degree of proficiency in technique is required, but also thought; and it is this last that so many are unable or unwilling to give.

Beethoven began with the sentiment and worked from it outwardly, modifying the form when it became necessary to do so, in order to obtain complete and perfect utterance. He made spirit rise superior to matter.

More than anyone else, it was Beethoven who brought music back to the purpose which it had in its first rude state, when it sprang unvolitionally from the heart and lips of primitive man. It became again a vehicle for the feelings. As such it was accepted by the romantic composers to whom he belonged as father, seer, and prophet, quite as intimately as he belongs to the classicists by reason of his adherence to form as an essential in music. To his contemporaries he appears as an image-breaker, but to the clearer vision of to-day he stands an unshakable barrier to lawless iconoclasm.

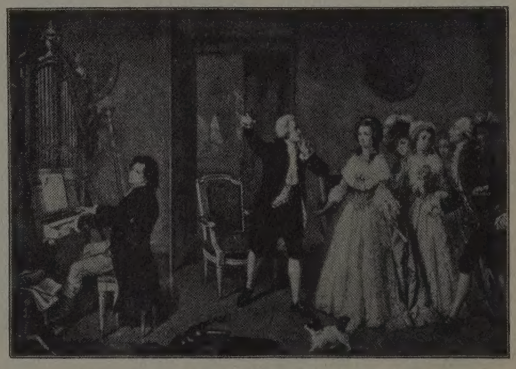
He was not a mere professional radical, altering for the mere pleasure of altering, or in the mere search for originality. He began naturally with the forms which were in use in his days, and his alteration of them grew gradually with the necessities of his expression. The form of the sonata is "the transparent veil through which Beethoven seems to have looked at all music." And the good points of that form he retained to the last; but he permitted himself a much greater liberty than his predecessors had done in the relationship of the keys of the different movements, and in the proportion of the clauses and sections with which he built them up. In other words, he was less bound by the forms and musical rules, and more swayed by the thought which he had to express and the directness which that thought took in his mind. "A trace of heroic freedom pervades all of his creations," says Ferdinand Hiller.

Everything conspired in Beethoven to make his utterance authentic, strong, unqualified—like a gushing spring which leaps from inaccessible depths of the mountain. His solitary habits kept his mind clear from "the mud and sediment which the market-place and the forum mistake for thought;" his deafness coming on at so early an age (twenty-eight) increased this effect, it left him fancy-free in the world of music.

One may mention, as an indication of the great range and strength of his personality, its exceeding slow growth. While Mozart at the age of twenty-three had written a great number of Operas, Symphonies, Cantatas and Masses, Beethoven at the same age had little or nothing to show. His first Symphony and his Septett, which he always looked back upon as childish productions, were not written till about the age of twenty-seven; and his first great Symphony not till he was thirty-two.

Up to Beethoven, the history of music—pure music—shows a slow steady growth and development of musical form along two or three simple lines. It is Edward Carpen-

Beethoven in the Fields at Bonn



Beethoven at the Home of Mozart

ter who most beautifully and finally sums up the music and life of Beethoven:

"It is like the long slow slope which leads on one side to the summit of a mountain. Hither in the bold sunrise we ascend, and such names as Corelli, Scarlatti, the two Bachs, Händel, Haydn, Glück, Mozart are the great landmarks of the way. The route is clear. The lines of tradition in minuet or gavotte, in fugue-form or sonata-form, shift slowly and continuously around us. With Beethoven, the pinnacle is gained; an immense outlook widens on all sides; there is an impression of boundless space; a vision of other lands, dim, distant, full of wild surmise.

"But thenceforth we descend. We have come to the other and more precipitous slope. The mountain breaks away in wild crags and wooded gorges. The calm classical outlines rule no more; they are replaced by forms of fantastic and wonderful beauty, but forms of decadence. Schubert is there at the entrance of that religion, with his exhuberant gift of divine melody; Schuman with his intensely literary, modern, pathetic, striving, self-conscious spirit, always a little uncertain and unbalanced; Mendelssohn and Chopin too, leaning over the gulf of the sentimental—the one in an optimistic, the other in the opposite direction; and Brahms, who shows again the grand outline of his predecessor's work, but with an intellectual rather than a prophetic effect, and many others.

"Then the whole slope breaks away, Pure Music—founded on the base of the old Tonality, and built up over a stretch of three centuries on the great structural lines which flow from the principle of the keynote—has now fulfilled its work and comes to an end, giving place to Programme and Opera: Music, in fact, returns in latest times to the source from which it originally sprung: to be the handmaid of the voice and of speech, and the auxiliary to Life and dramatic action instead of an independent Art, bearing witness to its own message in proud isolation.

"Beethoven came at the culmination of a long line of musical tradition. He came also at a moment when the foundations of society were breaking away for the preparation of something new. His great strength lay in the fact that he united the old and the new. He was epic and dramatic, and held firmly to the accepted outlines and broad evolution of his art, like the musicians who went before him; he was lyrical, like those who followed, and uttered to the full his own vast individuality. And so he transformed rather than shattered the traditions into which he was born.

"Beethoven was always trying to express himself, yet not, be it said, so much any little phase of himself or of his feelings, as the total of his life-experience. He was always trying to reach down and get the fullest, deepest utterance of which his subject in hand was capable, and to relate it to the rest of his experience. But being such as he was, and a master-spirit of his age, when he reached into himself for his own expression, he reached to the expression also of others—to the expression of all the thoughts and feelings of that wonderful revolutionary time, seething with the legacy of the past and germinal with the hopes and aspirations of the future. Music came to him, rich already with gathered voices; but he enlarged its language beyond all precedent for the needs of a new humanity."

A Capitalistic Incident

By Edwin Arnold Brenholtz

IT was the spring of eighty-two. I was stretched out flat on the huge draughting board, nose within six inches of the paper, eyes strained to the utmost tension, busily engaged putting down soundings on the map of the Schuylkill River in the channel oposite the Pencoyd Iron Works.

Now, soundings ten feet apart on a map to the scale of a tenth of an inch to the foot look perfectly black; and, in fact, the Chief used a magnifying glass to read my figures by.

The board was pushed right up against the window for two reasons. One of them you can guess.

Directly in front of the window—only five feet four inches away—was a blank wall, painted white. And the wall was sixty-three feet high.

I heard a canary sing, and I knew that Cosette had opened the window of her room on the second story front; and, as that window was built to face that five-foot-four of unoccupied space. I knew—by long experience—that if I raised my head I'd probably see the Cashier's wife's French maid's French canary—and Cosette.

One can't keep one's head down forever at a job like that. You get too dizzy especially if the canary persists in singing as sweetly as that one did; and if you are sure that a pair of laughing, black eyes are looking down on you—sprawling out there like that—it becomes next to impossible to make out the figures in the note book. They look as if the depth of water dropped suddenly from six-feet-two, to thirteen-feet-seven, and you want to be sure about that; for that means a rock, and rocks are what the soundings were after.

And if, while puzzling your wearied eyes, you have to push the window sash up—but still don't look skyward at the canary—you hear a voice you've heard before, sing in English as good as your own, with only just enough accent to make it adorable:

"From the desert I come to thee
On a stallion shod with fire;
And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire.
Under thy window I stand,
And the midnight hears my cry;
I love thee, I love but thee,
With a love that will never die
Till the sun grows cold.
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the judgment
Book unfold!"

there isn't a thing to do but give thanks to the gods that Taylor wrote the words and Cosette sang them. And then you look up—and throw a kiss to the singer.

And, of course, it is impossible for you to lie sprawling out there, after that.

You are tired and thirsty; and the water from the hydrant in the five-foot-four area is always the water you choose when Cosette is at the window and the canary bird is singing French love songs:—at least, that is what Cosette said they were.

It is very ungraceful to have to crawl out of a window; but—patience, my friend!—practice makes perfect! and I don't crawl, either in or out. The window is wide; and a touch on the sill and I am where I wished to be (and have not dropped the pitcher, either,) and Cosette noiselessly

clasps her hands and throws me back that kiss I tossed to her.

"Keep it," I whisper; for I know that Madam the Cashier's wife must be within hearing. Cosette shakes her head and throws me another; which, of course, I am bound to return.

But, this will not place those tiresome, anathema-provoking figures on that map;—and so!—in at the window again.

And still, Madam has not called!

Blessed be India ink! Thanks to the gods, that all the chemical compounds, singly or combined, don't and won't work up like, or yield the result that, pure stick India ink will. And it (be thankful—this time—O man!) must be ground around in a little saucer—'round, and 'round, and 'round, with sixteen drops of water in the saucer. Moreover, an expert can prepare Indian ink for immediate use, and not have to look at it or the saucer. Also, you cannot be putting down figures at the same time: and so,—there you have it!

Blessed again be India ink! It won't be hurried. It (or some of it) was made in the land where they do not know the word for haste; and it sticks to its traditions—as well as to your fingers. Nevertheless, this morning, so long as Cosette is at the window, whispering to you, of course, you thank the Power above for a part of that.

Then, when Madam calls and Cosette hastily throws you a farewell kiss and vanishes, you put that dish of leisurely stuff away—for another time. It has not yet taken on that oily look that says, "I'm finished: I'm perfect:—Use me."

Recollect! You have plenty in the other saucer to go on with—notwithstanding this unreadiness.

* * *

And so the hours passed, and the back and eyes and head and hands ached; and when I heard a footstep I supposed, of course, that it was one of the boys; and, without raising my head, I called out: "I'll tell you what it is, old fellow; if you boys don't go slower with soundings, I'm going to resign, or strike. Looks to me as if you might occasionally break an oar; or, semi-once-in-a-while-or-so, drop a rod in the water; or invent something to help a fellow out. What have you secured a supply of brains for, anyhow?"

As there came no reply, I looked up, and the Chief said, "Pretty tiresome, isn't it? Afraid you need a little field-work. Come along! we've time to catch the ten-thirty. Bring rods, tape, transit, level, pins and chain. Johnnie will help you to the depot: I must be going—will tell you all, on the way."

So, in a minute more, he of the power of dismissal and promotion was out of sight; and, thankfully, the map of the Schuylkill River from its source to its mouth was rolled up and put into its case.

In vain I sought to catch a glimpse of Cosette. That last kiss was my last; and IT was only air:—as were all the others.

Madam was very strict—with Cosette; and it was fifty-seven feet, or thereabouts, from my drawing-table to her window; and the nearest I had ever been to those red lips and smiling eyes was six feet (approximately) when I, one day, stood beneath her window, and she—leaning out—took a rosebud from the little bunch that touched her white throat, and brushing it lightly across her lips, dropped it into my hands.

Dear me! Those French maidens know what bright, black eyes and smiling lips are for: Don't they! But, oh, dear me! how soon we do forget them.

I never once thought of Cosette until I again found myself at the window of the draughting-room; and that was seven whole days thereafter. And really, even then, for some reason or other, I was so engrossed in making that map a model piece of work that I never thought of her until the second day of my return; and then, only, because I was toiling over-hours and the whirl and clatter on the square having died away (as it always does at night-fall) the silence in the area became so noticeable that it penetrated through my new-born enthusiasm for my profession. And then, for the first time, I remembered Cosette.

For neither canary's whistle nor sweetly lilting note broke the stillness that reigned throughout the building: and inquiry revealed the fact that Madam, the Cashier's wife, had taken herself and her French maid and her French maid's canary to La Belle Paree:—So, "Good-bye" to Cosette! for, anyway, she has not a thing to do with this story.

* * *

As the train thundered along the track the Chief said, "Now, Thornton, you are going to have a chance to distinguish yourself. We are bound for the Quarryville Branch of the P. & R. There's a spur to be run from the main track to the Zandt and Hirsch iron mines,—here's the map—a little over three miles; but a difficult piece of work.

The company's engineers have failed to meet all the conditions, and so they have called us in. It will not be possible for me to go in person. Here's a hill stands in the way and must be gone around; for the loaded cars must run down to the line by gravity. Here's the field where the switch must be placed, and it must join the main track from the East so that the freight, going to Quarryville, will be able to pass the junction and just back in, and pick up the loaded cars; and—vice versa—throw the empties on to the spur from a flying switch. If we succeed, the company will loan the mines an old switch engine to take the empties up the grade."

I looked carefully at the map. It was a good one; made by a man who knew his business; and it showed the lines they had attempted to make work, and every bit of the topography.

"What are those 'mud dams?' " said I.

"Oh!" said the Chief, "they are another of the obstacles; and you'll see them soon enough; but the worst obstacle is a man—and that is why these other lines won't do. That field there," pointing to one marked "Zugbaum," "belongs to the fellow who is spoiling all the plans."

"As you see, all these lines run about through the center of his field; and, since he won't sell; and, as it is a private line—and therefore the mine owners can't get a right-of-way by confiscation; why, so,—there you are! Now, in order to escape these mud dams and fill all the other requirements, these lines" (pointing to some outside of the field), "even the best of them, have to overcome the rise east of Zugbaum's, and the cars can't get headway enough to do it."

"Why don't they push them over with the shifter?" said I.

"Finances," replied the Chief. "They'd rather haul the ore out on wagons, as at present; for there is only a narrow margin to work on, and if they had to pay big damages for right of way, or keep steam up all day to do the shifting, it would eat up all the margin. There you have it in a nut-shell! You'd better stop at Stillwater. Old Zugbaum himself keeps the hotel there. It's a couple of miles down to the Mine Hill Station where you will get off to-day; but the walk will do you good: you need it.

"Now, I must stop at the Junction. I telegraphed ahead for three of the boys to leave the work out here and go with you. Any other help you need will be furnished by the mines. Take care of yourself, and success to you! and don't feel too badly if it can't be done."

That was all he said; but the impression left on my mind was just as if he had whispered: "Better work on Zugbaum!"

* * *

I examined that map and then went into the smoking car to the other boys. I took every bit of his advice. It would not do a particle of good to tell you of how many lines we ran, or how often the levels showed that the cars would stick. Of course, if you have cash resources enough at your disposal you can put a railroad almost anywhere; but there was the point.

We spent the nights at Zugbaum's. The weather was delightful, and Zugbaum was delightful—and delighted to see us.

He was making a good thing out of the surveys, and he treated all the engineers royally. He had not a bit of objection to our covering that field and the rest of the everlasting earth with location stakes: not he!

And at night he smoked his big German-China pipe, and, incidentally, asked how we were progressing.

The county was prohibition, so he could sell only non-alcoholic beverages; and he was especially proud of our corps because we drank so much of his spruce beer. It, also, was delightful; but, I am afraid, hard on the stomach.

However, as I told the boys, "You must not think again of your stomachs until this campaign is ended. You drink whenever I set them up:—and be sure to praise the spruce beer. I was on my mettle.

But I must not forget to tell you about, of, or concerning (whichever you prefer) the most delightful attraction at Zugbaum's.

She was Annetta!

She was at home, on a vacation, from some college or other. Think of that! and of the fact that she was a good girl, and smart (also, handsome). Moreover, you see, it was vacation time—or at least Annetta had one—for a week longer. I forgot to ask whether the remainder of the college students were taking a rest at the same time. Annetta was enough for me.

We went to work while the stars were still visible, and worked hard—in order to be able to quit early; and, as the Chief had, I thought, advised me to work on Zugbaum, I felt justified in exercising the boys and myself after hours: they at the spruce beer, and I, ah me! at talking to and singing with Annetta.

And so the never-to-be-forgotten busy days and happy evenings slipped away, and Friday night found us still planning, still hopeful—but, still unsuccessful.

When we started to return to Zugbaum's on Saturday night it was later than usual, for we had stuck at it until the last level was run and the last stake driven; and as I said to Annetta when we overtook her in the little patch of woodland about a mile from Stillwater, where she was in the habit of gathering wild flowers, "Yes: the work is finished—and the line is a success."

"How glad I am, for your sake," said she.

The others walked on ahead; and yet we were silent most of the way to the hotel. At the gate I remarked, "Please say nothing to your father about this until I have a chance to talk to you some more. I hope that you will let me enjoy your society, as usual, to-night."

"Why, of course," said she lightly; "I am consumedly anxious to hear everything you have to say."

And she laughed tantalizingly as she went in.

I have some Dutch blood in my veins, and I know that it is stubborn: therefore I said nothing to the old gentleman.

That night I, almost, made the boys and our helpers from the mines sick on spruce beer and cigars; but it did not matter, for it was that line or none,—and the work was finished.

Of course the beer had to be drawn by some one,—and that one was Zugbaum himself. Annetta and I sat out on the porch for a while; but, when I noticed that the owner of that field seemed restless, I moved for an adjournment to the parlor, and took care to seat myself so that he should be able to see me all the time. Thereafter he contentedly served out spruce beer and cigars. I had added them to "Necessary expenses," that night,—for it was necessary.

"Miss Zugbaum," said I, "I am afraid that you are a dreadful flirt."

She laughed—a low, delicious, rippling note—and said, "Mr. Thornton, I am woefully afraid that you are a dreadful flirt."

"Come!" said I, "let us be serious—for once. No: you need not be afraid: I am not going to propose; at least, not where your father can see what I do,—afterwards."

"Horrors!" gasped she.

I paid no attention, and proceeded.

"You see, I might have to accept"—and there I paused; but, since she made no sign, I said, "accept a silken cord, should you hand one to yours devotedly, and then—felo de se."

"Goodness," laughed she, "is it so serious as that?"

Because I had discovered that she was a good-hearted girl I said, "Yes, Annetta, it is serious. It means a lot to me. Now, it is not a bit of use for this corps to keep on locating lines any longer. It is Saturday night, and I'll have to-morrow to enjoy your society—if you are kind enough to help me use the horse and buggy I've engaged from your father.

"I have some friends living over here about twenty miles, and as your respected parent knows them, why, he will not object: especially as I won't need that buggy if you cannot go.

"Then, after to-morrow, comes Monday, when I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you safely through to Reading and on to the train for Philadelphia; and, after that,—you'll never think of me again."

"My!" she cried, "is not that the very nicest kind of programme. It is delightful,--every bit of it. I shall help you to carry it out—to the last letter," and she laughed merrily at my look of consternation.

"But," said I, "I want your assistance in this railroad matter;" and I explained it all to her. "Now," I continued, "it means promotion to me to be able to go back to the office with the deed for that land in my pocket. As you see, I have succeeded in crowding our line close to your father's eastern boundary so that one hundred and fifty feet straight through will do us; and we won't spoil the shape of his field. But your father is as obstinate as all Dutchmen—your humble servant included. He is down on old Zandt and positively hates Hirsch, and has said that he'll never sell an inch of that field to those mine owners—and he will never do it. Very good! let him sell to me. You can assure him that this is the last of the surveying parties. Mr. Hirsch told me to-day that there would be no more money spent on the location of lines.

"Now, I will draw up the deed, to-night: I know everything about the title, and precisely how much land we want, and I will give your father fifty-five dollars an acre more than the market price."

"And what is that?" she inquired.

"Fifty-five," said I. "And it will just about make me if you can accomplish it. And, though you will soon forget me, whether you succeed or fail, I will never, never——"

She checked me with the totally unexpected: "Don't it make your brain ache to carry all that in it at one time?"

I took the cue. "Certainly! and I am liable to be either laid up to-morrow from worrying over the matter, or at best, I will be but an uninteresting escort for you—unless I am able to get the matter definitely settled one way or other before we start on our trip."

Again that musical laugh—this time closely followed by a deep and heartfelt sigh. And then below her breath she said: "Dear me, dear me! and so there are to be no more surveys—I shall really be able to put my mind on my studies, hereafter. No, no: I must insure that Mr. Thornton's mind is at peace to-morrow. But haven't I enjoyed it all!"

The clock struck ten. Her father—as always—called imperatively "Netta!" and with only "Good night, until good morning" spoken in the tongue we never will cease to love, she passed from the room.

And that is all Annetta Zugbaum has to do with this story.

* * *

I carried the deed to Reading with me, on Monday: and sold the land to Hirsch and Zandt for exactly the amount I had paid—though they offered me more. But I could not think of that. I have my own sense of honor, and told them that I was working for the firm. When I went back to superintend the construction of the road, put in side stakes, make estimates, etc., I did not put up at Zugbaum's. You see, Annetta was not there; and it was, then, much handier to remain with Mr. Hirsch.

His home was only a little way from the mine, and I had taken quite a liking for his son, who acted as bookkeeper and cashier for his father.

And here is where my story commences.

Mr. Hirsch was pleased to call my conduct in the matter of the deed by very satisfying names, and insisted on my making myself thoroughly at home. I have never had any difficulty in doing that, no matter where my roving life as a civil engineer has taken me; but I have never been more "at home" or more nicely treated than I was in his house.

I, at first, thought it was a pity that he had no daughter: now, I don't know about that. We agreed excellently as it was.

The worry about the road was over; the construction was plain sailing, and Nathan Hirsch and I spent many hours tramping up and down the line or sitting on the bank of the stream that came from the mud dams, while I was seeing that the piers for the bridge were properly put in.

Those mud dams were a curiosity to me. You see, the ore was red hematite, of a high grade after the earthy matter was washed out; and it was the washings that formed the dams.

The ore was crushed and put through a revolving cylinder, and as the refuse was soft and slick, like mica, nothing would grow on the land it ran over. Therefore the mine owners were obliged to prevent its getting into the stream: so they threw up a small embankment of earth and let the solid part settle—and the water either evaporated or ran off. I shall never forget my first sight of those mud dams: nor my last.

They were now, some of them, thirty feet high, brownish red in color, and when you went to the top you could walk out quite a piece from the edge; but then it would begin to quake, and if you then threw a rock a little further out—as I at Nathan's suggestion did—, even where it looked quite solid, it slowly sank, and there was soon no trace of it: and through the middle of the broad expanse of treacherous stuff sluggishly crawled the stream of dirty water.

From time to time the solid part was shoveled out, on to the bank; and so the wall grew ever higher and higher—and stopped only when the surface would no longer flow. And then a new dam—in some other direction—had to be started.

"Quicksand?" said I to Nathan, as I saw the rock disappear from sight.

"Just about," said he, "and dangerous."

I enjoyed those summer days with Nathan Hirsch as I had never thought to enjoy one moment when feminine beauty and grace were not in sight. He was well-read, a gentleman, and had the knack of drawing out of a man all the best that was in him. What more need I say? I consider him and his life one of the most successful I have ever known of or been brought in contact with. I have been intimately associated with the high and the low, the rich and the poor—but no other character left such an impress for good one mine as did that of Nathan Hirsch. He strove unremittingly to attain his ideals, and made others realize that they were high and desirable.

Never before had I suspected how nice I was.

At last he work was completed; the last tie laid and the last spike driven; and then he and I went down the grade on the first loaded cars—and we had to put the brakes on hard to keep the train from going on to the main track. And then there was no longer any excuse for staying; so I went back to the office and to the map of the Schuylkill River, and recorded the soundings being taken therein.

Nathan wrote twice to me and then did not answer my next letter: consequently, I let it drop—though reluctantly. I thought often of Nathan Hirsch.

About the first of October I was handed a telegram by the Chief, who said, "Seems to have taken quite a liking to you, don't he?" It read, "Send Thornton down to run some levels for our water supply. Don't send any one else. Hirsch."

Now—although at other times I was always delighted to get away from the office work—for some reason unknown to me I did not care to go. I had never experienced such a feeling in all my life before. I felt impelled, compelled, to go; and yet I did not wish to. But I have never given up to a feeling—not for very long—and therefore I started.

When I stepped from the train, at the Mine Hill Station, Mr. Hirsch himself met me. As it was night, I wondered at this, for he was a comparatively old man.

"Leave the instruments here," said he as soon as we had shaken hands, "I will send down for them in the morning."

"All but the level," said I. "Never allow anybody to handle that but myself: too easy to get out of whack,—too hard to readjust. Where is Nathan?"

By this time we were walking along the well remembered, dusty country road; and he came close to me as he replied, "I do not know."

His tone was very sad, and I wondered what could be wrong. He paused there in the bright starlight (the moon was not yet risen) and in a faltering voice said: "I might as well tell you all. You see, you must not mention his name before his mother. She will not believe a word against him. He was cashier and bookkeeper for both mines; and two months after you went away—" here his voice broke and I slipped my disengaged arm through his, and after a moment he said, "Well, he disappeared—with every cent from both offices. Next day but one was pay-day, and the amount was considerable. I've mortgaged the mine and homestead to keep Zandt or anyone from knowing it; but—but, it is about to break my heart."

"He never did it!" said I emphatically. "I'd stake my life on him."

"Thank you, thank you, Mr. Thornton," said he, and he wrung my hand, "thank you; but, you see, he was at the office late—making out the payrolls—and he always brought the money home with him, as the building is not considered

safe. I was restless that night, and when he did not come in by ten o'clock, I went over to meet and walk home with him; but found the office dark—and locked. And then something took me to the station. There I found that the ten o'clock passenger had been signalled and stopped—a thing so unusual that the neighbors had noticed it. I followed,—the next morning,—on the early freight; and—and —from the description of the man who boarded the car, it must have been Nathan.

"It never was," I asserted. "There's been foul play somewhere."

The old man sadly shook his head, and as we started again towards his home he replied in a whisper, "So I thought, so I thought; but—Great God! that I should have to suspect my son, my boy Nathan, of such a crime! But, you see, Mr. Thornton, he was a thorough going Socialist, and was forever talking about the earth belonging to all and about its having been stolen from the poor; and more than once he said to me that our mine and money—together with the wealth of all others—should be taken from us and restored to the whole people. Now, that seems, to me, as I flatly told him, nothing less than wholesale robbery, and I refused to talk further with him on the subject. And so, don't you see——"

I hastened to say: "Nevertheless, neither your son nor any Socialist I know believes in theft. You should have something positive to go on before suspecting such a man as Nathan Hirsch."

His voice was so low that I could scarcely distinguish his words as he said, "His valise and clothes and most valued personal possessions were gone from his room."

This staggered me. "How much was it?" I inquired.

"Ten thousand five hundred," said he. "We had not paid for quite a while: been waiting for remittances from the furnace men."

* * *

That night I dreamed a most remarkable dream. No: I am not going to harrow any human being's feelings as mine were harrowed in that dream. I could not put it away from me. It disturbed me so that I actually forgot to have the rodman hold the rod on the sill of the sluicegate of the reservoir; so, after the levels were run, I had to tramp all that way back to find out whether, after all, the water was going to go to where we wanted it to. It would do it from the top of the dam; but, would it from the bottom?

I felt so ashamed of my stupid plunder that I told Mr. Hirsch what was the matter with me. Now, when he heard the dream, his face brightened and he said, "I believe in dreams—at least, at times."

And so, the next day, a small dam was thrown up below the towering old one; and a hole was cut in its face. And for two days and one night the full head of water—pure and clear as it came from the mountain-fed springs—was turned on to that old dam; and at sundown of the second day the body of Nathan Hirsch was exposed to view.

Every stitch of clothing had been taken from him; the back of his head showed a bruise. His neck had been broken. He had been sandbagged!

And yet, when his father saw us draw the body to the shore, he smiled—and said, "Thank God!"

Who Wrote the Marseillaise Hymn?

By John Spargo

RECENTLY the question of the authorship of the Marseillaise Hymn, perhaps the best known of all the world's songs of liberty, has been revived in France. For many years it has been ascribed to Rouget de l'Isle, by whom it was sung in 1792. But now strong claims are being put forward on behalf of another composer, one Dalayzac, who died at Fontenay-sous-Bois, near Paris, in 1809.

It is commonly supposed that Claude Joseph Rouget de l'Isle, a young French officer, while quartered at the house of the Mayor of Strassburg wrote the words and composed the music of this stirring song. Such is the "irony of fate" that a song written by a Royalist—he lost his office in the French army during the revolution and was proscribed as a Royalist—and intended merely as a Royalist war song, became almost immediately a song of revolution against the cause it was supposed to serve. Sung on the twenty-fourth day of April as a Royalist war song by Rouget de l'Isle, in June it was sung by fifteen hundred red-capped armed men as they marched from Marseilles to Paris—hence its name, the Marseillaise Hymn.

The famous painting by Pils in the Luxembourg gallery, Paris, has done much to establish the fame of Rouget de l'Isle as the real author of the remarkable hymn. He died in Montaigu, his native town, in 1836, after years of dire poverty.

This is not by any means the first time that the charge of plagiarism has been made against Rouget de l'Isle. The authorship of the Marseillaise has been claimed for several others, but with small success. But Dalayzac's admirers and fellow-townsmen are confident that they can establish beyond doubt the fact that he was the real author of the song. At least, they say, there is no room for doubt that he composed the music, and they have formed a strong committee to erect a splendid monument to his memory. M. Cailleaux, a prominent member of this committee writes to the Petit Journal (Paris) as follows:—

"The city of Muret, Dalayzac's birth-place, has already taken steps to perpetuate the memory of this illustrious composer. It is sufficient at this time merely to state that a well-founded belief has happily and readily taken root, attributing to Dalayzac the paternity of 'The Marseillaise.' This song, which led the Republican armies of 1792 to victory, has been attributed to Rouget de l'Isle, but the actual truth is that the researches of savants have established beyond the shadow of a doubt that the works of Dalayzac include 'The Marseillaise,' and that it was his song which was sung in the Mayor of Strassburg's house on the memorable evening of April 24, 1792."

In an editorial the "Petit Journal" says: "This is not the first time that Rouget de l'Isle's claim to authorship of 'The Marseillaise' has been challenged by others. What will be the result of this new controversy? Are the partisans of Dalayzac able to furnish proof that Rouget de l'Isle was a plagiarist? Can they demonstrate that the grave of the real author of 'The Marseillaise' is not at Choisy-le-Roi, where Rouget de l'Isle lies buried, but at Fontenay-sous-Bois?"

Probably they will find it an impossible task to convince the great mass of the French people at this late day that Dalayzac and not Rouget de l'Isle wrote their great national hymn. The best translation of the song is that which we give below.

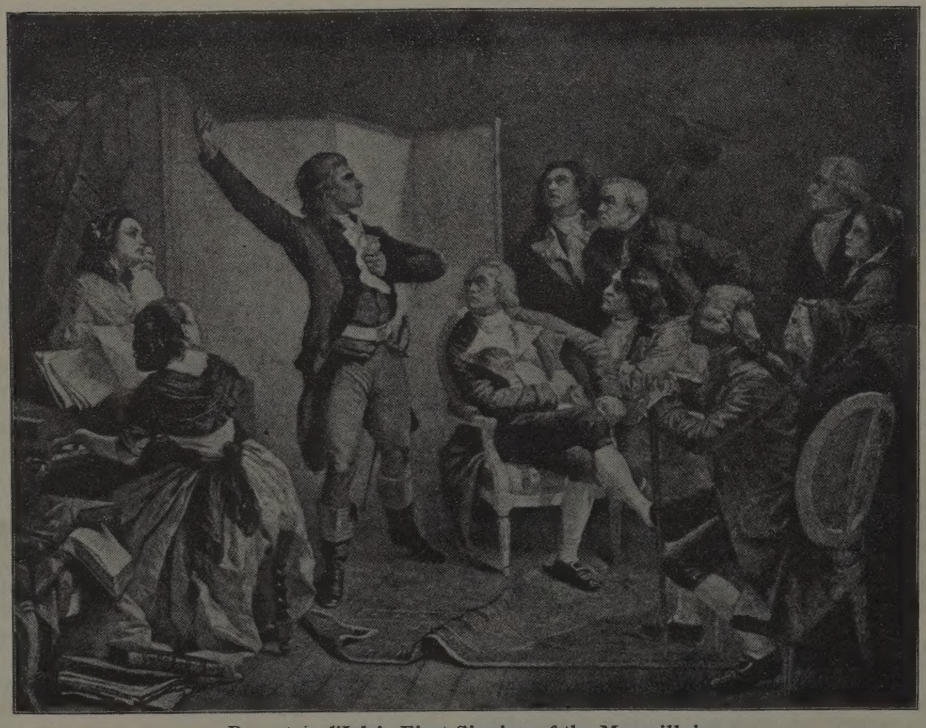
The Marseillaise Hymn

YE sons of Freedom, wake to glory!
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheathe!
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On liberty or death.

See, now the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which tyrant kings confederate raise;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling
And lo! our fields and cities blaze;
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crime and blood his hands embruing?
To arms! to arms! etc., etc.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile, insatiate despots dare,
Their thirst for power and pride unbounded,
To meet and vend the light and air;
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like gods would bid their slaves adore:
But man is man, and who is more?
Then, shall they longer lash and goad us?
To arms! to arms! etc., etc.

O, Liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, and bars confine thee!
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms! to arms! etc., etc.



Rouget de l'Isle's First Singing of the Marseillaise

A Song of To-morrow

By George D. Herron

OVE cometh not on human tides
That bear the stars upon their crest;
The bosom of the people—this
Is where love findeth faith and rest.

Love cometh through the underworld,
Beneath illusion, throne and strife;
The rebel world, where truth is homed,
From whence the root and real of life.

Love cometh through the proletaire,
Or through the downmost man you meet,
Or through the hunted and the bound,
Or through the woman of the street.

There, in the racked and tortured world,
With the rejected and betrayed,
The broken on the labor-wheel,
Love findeth love, love there is stayed;

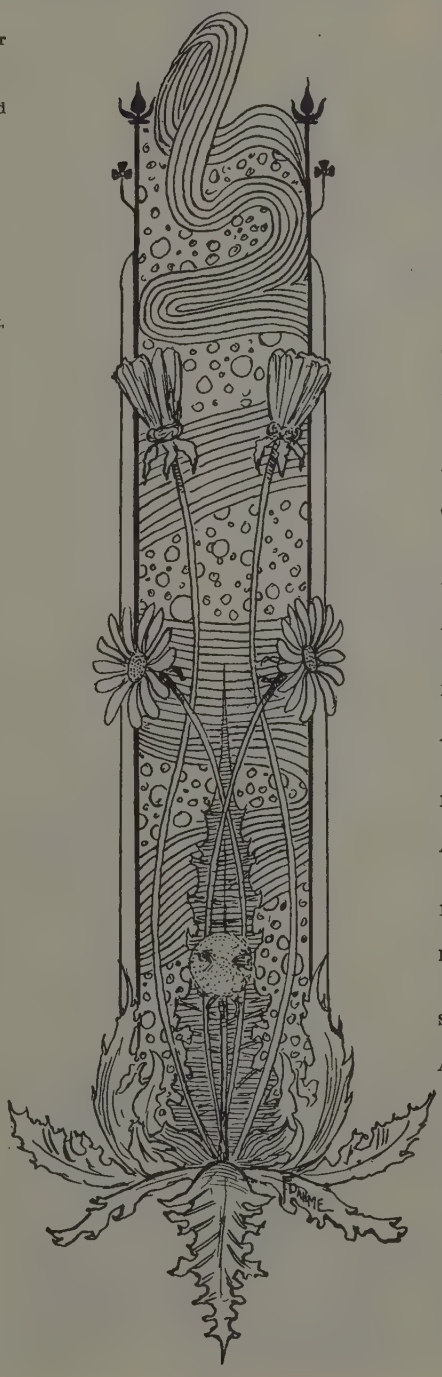
And these who bear the over-loads,
And these who walk the human night,
Are they who make an end of lies,
And build for love the world of light.

So come, ye toilers of the earth,
Ye who for masters sow and reap,
Who make and die but have no goods,
Whose fruits are but the tears ye weep.

Come, ye who build but homeless are,
Who are as cattle bought and sold,
Whose souls and bodies are but grist,
Your children, too, but ground to gold.

Come, ye creators of the world,
To whom the world has aye belonged,
Yet aye are yoked by what ye work,
By your creation robbed and wronged.

Come, victims of the lawless laws
Your masters make to keep you bound,
And ye who went out after priests,
Yet neither faith nor virtue found.



Ye piteous processions, come,
And let us end the human night,
The priests and masters, yokes and lies,
And build for love the world of light.

The will-to-love is calling us—
The mutual interest of the whole;
The love-will is the lord we seek,
The social faith, the common soul.

Till labor followeth after love,
Of every hell to make an end,
The heavens built on labor's hell
Must into deeper hells descend.

Then let us follow, soon and fast,
Where love its banners hath unfurled—
Where love uplifteth from the night
The pattern of the love-built world.

And soon will rise the building brave,
The strength and laughter, joy and spire,
Of love's inclusive gates and walls—
The city of the love-desire.

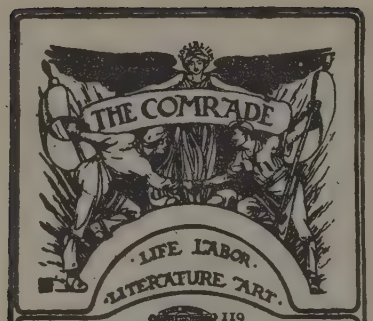
And then the liberty of love,
Of comrade-love, will fill the world—
A world without a meddler's hand,
Nor curse nor judgment heard or hurled.

Nor aye among men shall there come,
A child unborn to love's estate,
A child unworshipped or unsung,
A child unnumbered with the great.

Each shall be heir to all the earth,
And cradled in its brotherhood;
And to the fulness of its life,
Its wealth of common love and good.

Each babe immaculate as love,
And savior to the human race,
Each love's perennial wonder-child,
And love's increasing god and grace.

So come, ye outcast of the earth,
Yoke-bearers of the human night,
And let us make the world a home,
A fellowship of love and light.



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EDITORIAL

NOTWITHSTANDING the fierceness and persistency with which he attacked Socialism, Herbert Spencer was one of the chief contributors to its intellectual strength and progress, and as such he will be long remembered. So long as he waged war upon Socialism, so long the dust of controversy obscured his real relation to the development of that which he assailed.

To the average man Spencer was most endeared because he was unsparing in his attacks upon Socialism. The idea that his opposition to Socialism bore little organic relation to his philosophy per se—that it was in a measure a departure from it, a triumph of the great thinker's sentiment over his philosophy, could not occur to the world at large so utterly misinformed concerning Socialist philosophy and aims.

Even in 1842, the year when Darwin made his own first notes of the great biological discovery with which his name is identified, Spencer, as a contributor to a religious magazine, was writing of the influence of environment upon human character and progress; and before the publication of the Darwin-Wallace papers dealing with organic evolution he had already formulated a theory of evolution dealing with the universe as a whole. The proof of this latter statement is contained in the fact that the prospectus for the publication of the series of works comprised in his wonderful scheme of Synthetic Philosophy, though not issued until 1860, was really written on the 6th of January, 1858, while the Darwin-Wallace papers were not made public until the following July. Indebted to Comte to a larger extent than is generally recognized—an indebtedness which he only niggardly acknowledged—Spencer was scarcely a "disciple" of Darwin though the theories of the latter found in him splendid support.

As far back as 1848, in the famous and epochal "Communist Manifesto," Karl Marx had outlined a theory of Social Evolution. Indeed, it would not be difficult to show that even at an earlier date Marx had already formulated, more or less specifically, his famous theory of the "Economic Interpretation of History," to use Thorold Rogers's luminous phrase. And the scope of Marx's concept of this law of Social Evolution was not one whit less comprehensive than was that of Spencer's Synthesis. Marx did not, it is true, go over the whole ground with the minuteness of detail which characterised Spencer. Probably it was the post-Lamarckian controversy which, years before Darwin or Wallace had been heard of, convinced Marx of the tremendous importance and the truth of evolution as an explanation of organic life and suggested to him the application of the principle to social forms and institutions. It is a regrettable fact that we have no adequate record of the period spent by him in Paris during which he fell under the influence of Saint-Simon's teaching and declared himself a Socialist. In the absence of such a record, however, it is not assuming too much, we think, to suggest that it was perfectly natural for him, as a Socialist in the first flush of enthusiasm, to devote himself most heartily to the sociological application of the general theory of evolution, rather than to the biological. And this we know, that by none was the work of Darwin, and of his associates, more enthusiastically welcomed than by Marx and his fellow exiles in London.

Spencer's cosmical Synthesis is a magnificent achievement—perhaps the greatest of the nineteenth century; but that Marx, as an evolutionist, dealt only with the sociological aspect of the revolutionizing theory, must not blind us to the fact that such a synthetic concept of it must, in the very nature of things, have been apparent to him. Every evidence of the progress of "Darwinism" against the hostile forces of religious bigotry and scientific conservatism be hailed as a gain for his own teaching. Not Darwin and Marx alone as we have been wont to name them, but Darwin, Spencer and Marx will be remembered together as the mightiest of modern thinkers whose thoughts were directed to the world's most vital and universally felt problems.

It is strange that Spencer should have become the champion of individualism in sociology, viewing society in relation to the individual, and at the same time champion the biological theory of Darwin which views the individual in relation to the species. The surprise is the more marked when it is remembered that his contention always was that the principle of evolution to be valid must be proved cosmic and not restricted in operation.

The fact that Spencer in after years saw fit to omit an important and unanswerable chapter denying the right of private ownership of land (and, by implication, all kinds of private ownership of social necessities) from his "Social Statics" has been made the occasion of numerous and bitter attacks upon his intellectual integrity and honor. The charge that he had been "bought" was made by excited and disgusted radicals, and repeated in a note prefixed to a cheap reprint of the famous Ninth Chapter issued for propaganda purposes by a Socialist publishing firm in this country. Such imputations are unworthy and entirely uncalled for and harm most of all the people who make them. Spencer throughout his long life, even down to his outspoken attacks upon militarism which the Anglo-Boer war occasioned, proved singularly free from any suspicion of being influenced by any mercenary considerations. The Herbert Spencer of "The Coming Slavery" (1874), "Man versus the State" (1884) and the "Social Statics" of 1874, was, doubtless, as sincere and honest as was the Herbert Spencer of 1851.

His studies led him to regard Socialism as inevitable, but he shrank from the "intolerable suppression" of individuality which he imagined would accompany the establishment of social paramountcy. That it was always State Socialism—the utopianism of the dominant bourgeois class, and not the Socialism of the conscious Socialist movement of the world, which he feared and fought so vigorously, is but an evidence of his isolation from the main current of contemporary life. And his native British self-pride and individualism prevented him from ever being able to view the individual man from the point of view of the race in the same manner as he would view an individual of the lower animal kingdom from the point of view of the whole species.

Virchow, the great pathologist, declared that Darwinism would lead "directly to Socialism": Spencer came to regard Socialism as "inevitable"—both in spite of their fears and hatred of Socialism. One wonders what the feelings of both, but particularly of Spencer, must have been as they saw the enormous strides made by the Socialist movement!

Dying at eighty-four years of age, Herbert Spencer leaves behind him an enduring monument such as few men in the world's history have been able to build for themselves. He helped to rid the world of superstition and to destroy priestcraft; he put the idea of a God-direction of the world, and its counterpart, the eternal subjection and dependence of man, into the waste-paper basket of history. He cleared the way for the feet of the army of Progress.

To him God was the Unknowable; that was the boundary of his wonderful intellect which at times seemed boundless. Wiser, it seems to us, is Herzen's description of God as the Unknown: all that we do not know Spencer narrowed for us the stretch of the Unknown. Notwithstanding his opposition to Socialism, he was, though he perhaps never realized it, one of the builders of its citadels.

S.

William Morris's "Commonweal"

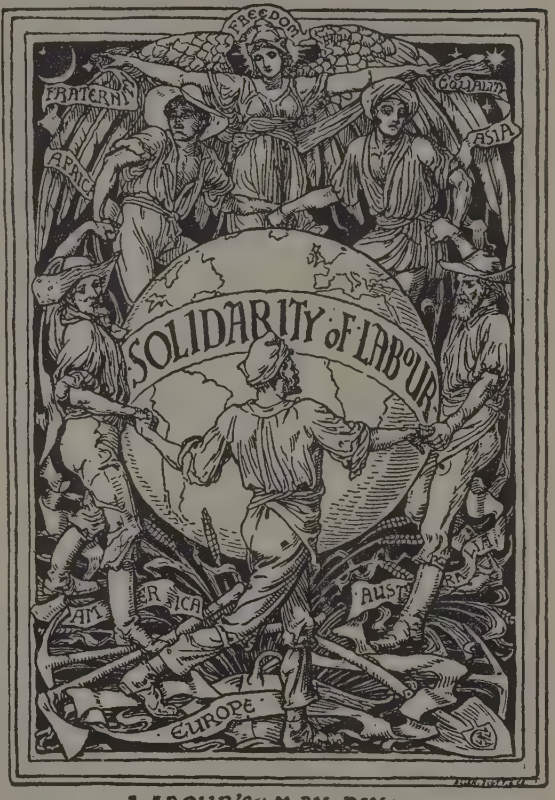
By Leonard D. Abbott

ON the evening of December 30, 1884, William Morris, Edward Aveling, Eleanor Marx, Ernest Belfort Bax, and eight others, met together in a little room in Farringdon street, London. The result of that conference was twofold. First, a new organization, the "Socialist League," came into existence. Second, a new paper, the "Commonweal," was started. Neither the organization nor the paper lasted half a dozen years. They were what the world would call "failures." But, if one may be permitted the paradox, they were successful failures. That is to say, they did their work and exerted an influence so subtle and far-reaching that it would be impossible to calculate its extent.

The first number of the "Commonweal" appeared in February, 1885, and for a year the paper was issued as a monthly. During this early period Morris was joint editor with Dr. Aveling, whose cold articles on "Scientific Socialism," illustrated by algebraic formulae, appeared side by side with Morris's passionate poems. It is not surprising that the two fell out after a year together; and Aveling gave place to H. Halliday Sparling. Sparling was an Irishman with a good deal of literary ability. He edited for London publishers the sagas of Iceland and songs of Irish minstrelsy. In 1890 he married Morris's second daughter, May, but the marriage was an unhappy one and culminated in a divorce. Sparling's contributions to the "Commonweal" appeared mostly during 1886 and 1887, and when he withdrew his active support, and Frank Kitz and David Nicoll came to the fore, the paper began to show signs of marked degeneration. Both the last named were workingmen with Anarchistic tendencies, and their articles were characterized by language that frequently exceeded the bounds of good taste. Morris became disgusted, and withdrew both his literary and financial support. Nicoll thereupon assumed charge of the paper, with disastrous consequences. His articles grew more and more violent in tone, and he was finally arrested on a charge of "inciting to murder." So the "Commonweal" came to an ignominious end!

The palmy days of the "Commonweal" (though it was never financially self-supporting) were during the first two or three years of its existence, when Morris was deeply interested in its welfare, and wrote generously for its pages. His first contribution to the paper was the now famous "March of the Workers." In the second issue appeared "The Message of the March Wind," an exquisite love poem, which he was led to expand into an unfinished series, bearing the general title "The Pilgrims of Hope." This serial poem describes the awakening of two lovers to a sense of the social injustice around them, and their strenuous efforts to "set the crooked straight." It contains without doubt some of the finest work of Morris's life-time, and its vivid scenes, no longer taken from classical lore, nor from the great epics of the North, but from the grim, sordid present, mark an important epoch in his poetry. Here is an extract from the first instalment, telling of a meeting of the "Communist folk." It is of special interest, for Morris, in describing the lecturer, is obviously thinking of himself.

"Dull and dirty the room. Just over the chairman's chair
Was a bust, a Quaker's face, with nose cocked up in the air.
There were common prints on the wall of the heads of the
party fray,



LABOUR'S MAY DAY
DEDICATED TO THE WORKERS OF THE WORLD

And Mazzini, dark and lean, amidst them gone astray.
Some thirty men we were of the kind that I knew full well,
Listless, rubbed down to the type of our easy-going hell..
My heart sank down as I entered, and wearily there I sat,
While the chairman strove to end his maunder of this and
that.
And partly shy he seemed, and partly, indeed, ashamed,
Of the grizzled man beside him as his name to us he named;
He rose, thickset and short, and dressed in shabby blue,
And even as he began it seemed as though I knew
The thing he was going to say, though I never heard it before.
He spoke, were it well, were it ill, as though a message he
bore,
A word that he could not refrain from many a million of
men.
Nor aught seemed the sordid room and the few that were
listening then,
Save the hall of the laboring earth and the world which was
to be.
Bitter to many the message, but sweet indeed unto me, ,
Of man without a master, and earth without a strife.
And every soul rejoicing in the sweet and bitter of life;

Of peace and good-will he told, and I knew that in faith he spake,
But his words were my very thoughts, and I saw the battle awake,
And I followed from end to end; and triumph grew in my heart,
As he called on each that heard him to arise and play his part
In the tale of the new-told gospel, lest as slaves they should live and die."

In the sixth number of the "Commonweal" appeared a prologue entitled "Socialists at Play," spoken by Morris at an entertainment given by the Socialist League at South Place Institute, London, on June 11th, 1885. It begins:

"Friends, we have met, amidst our busy life,
To rest an hour from turmoil and from strife;
To cast our care aside while song and verse
Touches our hearts and lulls the ancient curse."

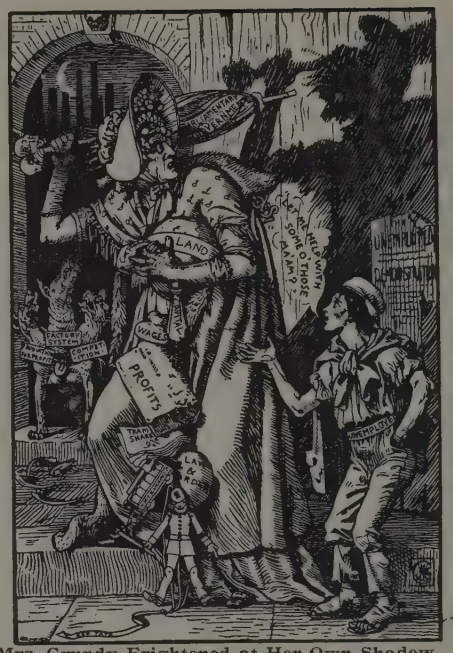
The poem is too long to quote in its entirety. The following lines give some idea of its quality:

"So be we gay; but yet amidst our mirth,
Remember how the sorrow of the earth
Has called upon us till we hear and know,
And, save as dastards, never back may go!
Why, then, should we forget? Let the cause cling
About the book we read, the song we sing;
Cleave to our cup and hover o'er our plate, ,
And by our bed at morn and even wait.
Let the sun shine upon it; let the night
Weave happy tales of our fulfilled delight!
The child we cherish and the love we love,
Let these our hearts to deeper daring move;
Let deedful life be sweet and death no dread,
For us, the last men risen from the dead!"

William Morris's prose contributions to the "Commonweal" were in many ways quite as notable as his poems. "A Dream of John Ball" was first published as a serial in the third volume of the "Commonweal." How many of us, since then, have fallen under its spell and echoed its words! "News from Nowhere," which has so recently appeared in the pages of the "Comrade," with Jentzsch's sympathetic illustrations, first saw the light in the sixth volume of the "Commonweal," and has been reprinted in edition after edition.

Of smaller articles for the "Commonweal," on all kinds of subjects, Morris wrote scores; and in almost every number there were editorials, "Notes on Passing Events," "Political Notes," etc., signed either with initials or full name. Many of Morris's lectures—"How We Live, and How We Might Live," "Feudal England," "Monopoly," "Useful Work Versus Useless Toil"—were printed in the "Commonweal." "Under an Elm Tree" is a country soliloquy, in which Morris asks why men cannot be "as wise as the starlings in their equality, and so perhaps as happy"; "The Worker's Share of Art," "Attractive Labor," "Unattractive Labor," elaborate Morris's well-known views in regard to the pleasure of the common task. "The Revolt of Ghent" is a medieval fragment culled from Froissart's Chronicles.

Morris must have found it very difficult to obtain articles even remotely approaching the standard he desired. At times second-rate matter went into the paper. A great deal of space was occupied by American correspondence of a dull and uninteresting kind. There were, however, a few writers of real ability who could be counted on for regular and competent work. Foremost among these was Bax, who collaborated with Morris in the second volume in the authorship of "Socialism from the Root Up," since published in book form. Whatever one may think of Bax's temperament and point of view, it is idle to deny the force and originality of his work. A large number of his essays, preserved in book form, first appeared in the "Commonweal."



Mrs. Grundy Frightened at Her Own Shadow

Other distinguished writers for the paper included Wilhelm Liebknecht, Frederick Engels, Paul Lafargue and Sergius Stepniak. Two of the most cultured contributors were Henry S. Salt and J. L. Joynes, Eton masters both. Joynes translated the poems of Freiligrath, besides contributing original verses and articles. The "Commonweal" has some interesting American associations. Laurence Gronlund, who visited Morris in 1885, wrote for it. So also did Percival Chubb and W. Sharman. The former is now one of the principals in the Ethical Culture Schools in New York. The latter's widow lives in Yonkers.

A few artists were in active sympathy with the "Commonweal." Walter Crane designed two beautiful headpieces for the journal. He also contributed three cartoons—"Vive La Commune!", "Mrs. Grundy Frightened at Her Own Shadow," and "Labor's May Day." The only example of Morris's art is to be found in the unpretentious willow pattern used as a background for the title of the paper.

In the "Commonweal" for November 15th, 1890, appeared a long article by William Morris, entitled "Where Are We Now?" A pathetic interest attaches to it, for it was Morris's last contribution in the paper and reveals his mood with remarkable frankness.

"It is now some seven years," he said, "since Socialism came to life again in this country. To some the time will seem long, so many hopes and disappointments as have been crowded into them." The task they had set out to accomplish, he continued, was one of appalling magnitude, and he felt compelled to confess that the forces on the side of Socialism had been miserably inadequate. "Those who set out to make the revolution were a few workingmen, less successful even in the wretched life of labor than their fellows;

THE COMMONWEAL

The Official Journal of the Socialist League.

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"HAVE YOU NOT HEARD HOW IT HAS GONE WITH MANY A CAUSE BEFORE NOW? FIRST, FEW MEN HEED IT; NEXT, MOST MEN CONTEMN IT; LASTLY, ALL MEN ACCEPT IT—AND THE CAUSE IS WON!"

NOTES ON PASSING EVENTS.

Prince Bismark has made his speech, set all Europe guessing as to "God save the Queen" and cry out for the "Marseillaise." Strange that they don't understand that the changes which such demonstrations hint at will not be allowed to be furthered in the party of such respect

a sprinkling of the intellectual proletariat, whose keen pushing of Socialism must have seemed pretty certain to extinguish their limited chances of prosperity; one or two outsiders in the game political; a few refugees from the bureaucratic tyranny of foreign governments; and here and there an unpractical, half-cracked artist or author." Speaking of the inside of the Socialist movement, Morris could not conceal the fact that there had been "quarrels more than enough," as well as "self-seeking, vainglory, sloth and rashness"; but he added that there had been "courage and devotion also." "When I first joined the movement," he went on to say, "I hoped that some workingman leader, or rather leaders, would turn up, who would push aside all middle class help, and become great historical figures. I might still hope for that, if it seemed likely to happen, for indeed I long for it enough; but, to speak plainly, it does not so seem at present."

And so, with the waning of Morris's enthusiasm, the "Commonweal" died and the record was scattered. There are very few files of the "Commonweal" in existence, and its scarce numbers are eagerly sought. In certain respects it was a crude effort. In many ways it must have utterly disappointed Morris himself. Yet the Socialist movement would be appreciably poorer without this paper. And, whatever its shortcomings, it was the most ideal venture, it furnished the most romantic episode, in latter-day journalism.

Thoughts and Fancies

By Bliss Carman*

THE art of life, then, is to make life and art one, so far as we can, for ourselves and for others,—to find, if possible, the occupation in which we can put something of self. So should gladness and content come back to earth.

Not until the term artisan has come to be as honorable as the term artist will we have real freedom. But I am afraid that with all our talk of freedom very few of us believe in it, after all. We seem to think it is dangerous. But freedom is not an acquisition of power; it is merely the disimprisonment of spirit. And not to believe in freedom is to believe in the ultimate evil of the spirit.

* * *

The commonest work is enobling when it provides any avenue of expression for the spirit, any exit for the heavy, struggling ambitious human heart out of its prison house of silence into the sunshine of fellowship. Set me a task in which I can put something of my very self, and it is task no longer; it is art.

* * *

It will avail you nothing to stand face to face with the vision, if you cannot in some way make actual and apparent to men the beauty you have beheld

* * *

Yes, all art, the product of genius, comes of toil. And the previous question behind that,—the explanation of natural beauty and genius itself. The first spring flower, or the bluebird in the orchard; are they the creations of a moment, the inspiration of nature on the instant? . . . Your Easter lilies cost more than a voyage from Bermuda. To bring them to perfection the earth must swing like a pendulum in space, and the sun and moon operate the machinery of the tides for more æons than we know.

One may question whether it were not better largely to forsake our habit of questioning and live more like the creatures. If wisdom lies inside the door of studious thought, madness is also sleeping there; and the mortal who knocks does so at his peril. We may become as gods to know good from evil; but are we sure that happiness inheres in that knowledge?

* * *

I do not see any greed in nature. I do not find any creature fighting for more than it actually needs at the moment. I do not see any cruelty in nature, any wanton destruction, except among those primitive voters, our arboreal ancestors, the apes. But that is the taint of human ingenuity beginning to appear. I find in the world of green unflinching responsibility, abiding perdurable patience, and a courtesy that is too large, too sure, for the cruelty and greed of man.

* * *

If to-day we are having an era of war and greed and barbarism, by and by we shall have an era of art and civilization again. Our Mother Nature does not glide ahead like an empty apparition, but walks step by step, like any lovely human, constantly moving in rhythmic progress.

* * *

Fear is a malarial germ in the soul. If only the world could cast out fear and establish hope in its place, the morning of the millennium would be already far advanced.

* * *

The desire of freedom is like a seed; once lodged in a crack of the walls of circumstance, it may disrupt the well-built order of conventional progress, but it will have light and space. Good ventilation is our only safeguard from disaster in this direction. You cannot kill the seed, you can only see to it that the walls have plenty of wide, airy crevices where the wind and sun may penetrate freely.

* Selected from "The Kinship of Nature"

The Gospel of Cosmos

By Peter E. Burrowes

IT is glinting, twinkling, crackling as if electric with energizing suggestion for its own obedience, for the making of a new nobility of deed and purpose.

2. I am greatly astonished every morning with the mystery of my enlargement. I cannot refrain from celebrating this wonder that all humanity and all other things and I are discovered to be one.

3. When you think of the age that has reared us, and of that which preceded, you must wonder with me concerning our liberation into the faith that is social, at our happy escaping from propertied ego to the human race.

4. Mayhap, also, you will discover with me the immortal fountains that lie waiting for us, ready to rise sparkling with spiritual power to our famished heartaches from the great consolings which have been vintaged in the sorrows of history.

5. Oh, New Year, you shall have tears. But in me you may dry them. Be glad, Oh, ye toilers, for the golden heathen of the mine lands will not always rage upon you. The associations of greed and corruption trampling on your unions shall fall to pieces. The life of the race is in your custody, Oh necessary men.

6. In the age of the capitalist though we are born, he is not sufficient to stand against things that are eternal. He is only great to instruct us, great to be conquered. When his lesson to man is finished he must die.

7. His might was organized to pass its burdens on to the uttermost laborers. Money and all the sacraments of society were devised to suck up success out of the exhaustions of the men below him. With that burden upon you, it is you that must first hearken to the command of the universe —organize.

8. Ye underfoot people, crushed by superstitions and the excessive extortions made of your days, you are the reserve guards of civilization, the manhood of masters, and men is turning.

9. Nevertheless, though in this necessary battle, thou shalt be at peace with all humanity; for it is the battle of peace, of righteousness without hatred, of strife for love. For you and the oppressors are one, and it is eternally predestined that you shall come together.

10. When I heard it first, this gospel of Cosmos, I thought it spoke only for a greater inanimate realm of nature, away and far remote from the affairs of us men.

11. But it came nearer, and then I knew that this thing, the man of the mind, with his histories, mythologies, creeds, emblems, arts, books, monies, governments, is verily the keyboard of creation.

12. When it came yet nearer I beheld every man to be in miniature the story of the whole. When nearer yet again, I knew that it almost intimately touched and enclosed me like a skin; that I was the soul of it. I knew man to be the brain and the eyes of our Cosmos; of Cosmos who, with his brain and his eyes, is self surveying in my pages.

13. Nothing now is too great for me; nothing, any more, is trifling or beneath my notice; all things are mine.

14. This is not for me any longer a mere contemplation. I am contemplated and carried away by the moving of things. I contemplate them and I move them. There is in and around me a great activity organized and united in all of its movements, to correct itself by that which it discontinues. I am in the swim of this Socialist faith of correction; I am in active revolt against all that hinders organization.

15. I am to translate into thinking and habit and Socialist knowledge and into all manner of fellowship the urge that is in me. It is my cry to all to be quickly united. Everything calls me to stand by the Socialist movement, to appreciate all things whatever, for union, that I can control.

16. They are all blotted out; nay, I have blotted them in, my old religions. I have rubbed them in with all the rest of me together. Since I have felt Cosmos in my bones I am big enough to hold all the religions and more that are better until I am face to face with that which has been so mightily holding me.

17 The Cosmic message which I bring you has justified and saved me by saving all things. I am my own priest and accept no revelation but the whole of it for every part, the Socialist gospel.

18. It includes my old bible, but my bible includes not the Socialist gospel; neither can any book include it, for it is the maker of them.

19. If my revelation were a book, as a book I must treat it. And I know that if men were to consider the bible as a volume objective, so great are the evils the thing has promoted, they would hastily shun it as a volume infected.

20. Neither from a pope's chair, I assure you, shall I be directed. Nothing purchased and portable rules me. I bow only in Social faith to the Cosmic message.

21. The gist of many old pagan priesthoods, of vapor pantheisms, and of academic godheads, which never could spell man nor his duty, breathes in the faith that is social and vital, the gospel of Cosmos.

22. Mother faith, who was always found timidly glancing herself in the mirrors of nature, now lingers with labor; she sits in the Socialist workshop.

23. She is the whisper of man unperturbed. The mind of all of the people to the weakest one man is she. Since the first union of minds gave birth to the thought of a god she has sought us.

24. For what is this god but the whole mind of all people who was sitting and silently waiting behind all the gods of our fancies, awaiting expression (growing wise as he waited) for the last and best of our visions of him. When the slaves have fought their last battle, when we all together are thinking.

25. One time I saw the lightning flashing out of a storm, and it lifted up from the calamity its greater pain of darkness. It was terribly, then sublimely, then mercifully majestic: a convulsion in great haste to perform its firm duty. In a swift comprehensive moment the tempest was justified to my soul, and I heard the drowning cry within me, Be sure we are not lost, the might you have witnessed is our own.

26. We only suffer for lack of light and courage, therefore I will suffer furtively until I learn to fight away my evils. Until I learn that ultimate moment of wrong doing from whence springs the resurrection of labor.

27. Bind me, I pray you, Oh men that I have hated, I see the necessity of you. Bind me and lead me whither you will, Oh women that I cannot love, for I want to understand you. I shall not smite yet. I will go undemurring and truly.

28. With eyes of that storm flash I am henceforth looking comprehensively at my sinners. My faith is based upon the result of them; upon the resurgent spirit of the race that is waiting to rise when our wrong is social, when we have received the gospel of Cosmos.

29. Once in the darkness I was touching the shoulders of two silent men, and I was also silent. as we went marching onward; when the light came I knew that it was Shylock and an assassin that walked beside me.

30. I said to them, "How is it that I am spared." Then one of them answered, "You we cannot end and also deprive. Your cowardice is our capital, one blow of yours would slay us, an explanation would bind us. Now we have another day, another era of slavery and murder."

31. Nevermore therefore will I be silent to speak it. Have I not seen it in its resplendent revelation that night when it made me think with the elements for the wholeness of all things, but first of man; for I was touched with pity at Cosmos so long in labor for her own deliverance out of our battle; that night when she whispered how man by his conflicts is her hindrance and his discord the measure of her incompleteness.

32. Oh new year for which the belfries are clanging, I must hurriedly salute you. I am going back for my new billion of years to old history. With the very last thought gathered here at the outposts of time I am returning to illuminate the brethren behind me, who are waiting to illuminate me.

33. I am thinking of the past, as the babe feet just now stepping outward in the first of time's paces; as the great everlastingly quiet beneath them, as the on-urger behind. It is there most supremely my life of the Universe is, which has never been written, but writes.

34. Yes, my babes. It is all from ourselves the outmarchings of life; from ourselves back through the inturning circles of infinite times in the past. For never on man has descended a heavenly city and never approached him one year.

35. Events are not coming; no courier shadows precede them. But out of the now which we falsely divide into past and to present there flows a great yearning for those on the uttermost lines—the men that are fallen, the poorest and saddest. Oh sunshine of ages, I speak your great gospel, it breathes but for them.

36. The whole of man's breathing, the whole of his writing and thinking is here in our brains of the present, is here on our fingers to tell how the race must be lifted by lifting the uttermost man.

37. The babe that is learning to walk to its mother I know him the man of the ages. He lies in the cradle, and thou, looking down on its dimples, on eyes that have sparkled and conquered the hearts of all mothers through time; those masterful glances a thousand times backward am I. How hoarily old is the head of this baby; how bearded the cheeks of this infant; these dear little children that lie on your bosoms am I.

38. And I charge you who love them to know it. In looking at them I beseech you remember; you must not, you dare not forget him—the uttermost man.

39. So guard every life of my people, saith Cosmos, each life is thine own. So guard and befriend them, their need is thine own. So guard and defend them, their wrong is thine own. Defend them and I am defended, the God of all times.

40. We are getting redeemed into mankind by the deed and the faith that is social and entering the portals of Cosmos as friends of its soul through our social salvation. With a transport of jubilee trumpets within me I feel it this mighty relation.

41. All the stability of unmillionable years is holding me To fear now were madness, for mine is the life of the universe. And what is my boldest hope but a broken utterance of the illimitable sureness that I am.

42. Saith old Time to me, I who am back here and you are chummy. We are all loving alive together, close friends and familiar. No grave was ever closed over one of us, no tear was ever dropped on the bier of any of me. I only shed that tear of yours and sent you a to-morrow, because the undesirable things of my whole life were yet unconquered. And men must weep until then.

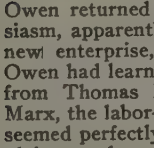
43. I am crying also to you on the outposts, crying for you to come nearer, for we love to hear the footsteps of your social thinking.

44. Ho! Socialists, poets, philosophers, strivers, come nearer and let our soul hear your assuring footsteps as once we so calmly laid down our heads in our tents when we heard the steady feet of our sentinels.

45. Come near and let us hear your thinking about the All-unity. Your thinking about the undying singleness of humanity; for it is not out of a buried past that I salute you, but out of your own life, and for yourself I deliver it this gospel of Cosmos.

Robert Owen's Labor Exchange Banks

By John Spargo



HE interesting fac-simile of one of Robert Owen's Equitable Labor Exchange notes, for which we are indebted to our good friend and comrade, Mr. W. Harrison Riley, is reminiscent of an important phase of the trade union movement in England, and of Owen's intensely interesting career as a social reformer.

After the failure of his New Harmony experiments Owen returned to England as full of courage and enthusiasm, apparently, as ever, and directed his attention to a new enterprise, the "Equitable Labor Exchange Bank." Owen had learned from his friend, William Thompson, and from Thomas Hodgskin, both interesting precursors of Marx, the labor-value theory in its then crude form; and it seemed perfectly easy to him to eliminate the capitalist exploiter, and so give to the worker the full product of his labor, by arranging a system enabling the producers to exchange their products upon a labor-time basis.

It was to carry out this idea that the "Equitable Labor Exchange Bank" was formed. Its basis and its weakness are thus described by Morris Hillquit in his admirable "History of Socialism in the United States":

"Every producer of a useful article might bring the same to the 'bazaar' connected with the bank, and receive notes for it representing a number of labor hours equivalent to those contained in his article. With these notes the holder could purchase other articles contained in the bazaar and likewise valued according to the quantity of labor consumed by its production.

"The weak point of the scheme was, that the bank occupied itself exclusively with the exchange of commodities, and did not even attempt to regulate their production. Anything brought to the bazaar was accepted regardless of the

actual demand for it. The result was, that after a short time all useful articles disappeared from circulation, and the bazaars were stocked with goods for which there was no demand."

In this enterprise Owen lost a fortune. In view of his multitudinous disappointments and failures this might have been expected to finally discourage the brave old man, but, instead, he retained his wonderful enthusiasm until the day of his death-stroke twenty years later.

In view of Owen's conspicuous ability and success as a capitalist it seems strange that he should have overlooked such a vital and, to us, apparently obvious point, as that made by Hillquit in the passage quoted. The fact is, that Owen did not overlook the point as at first seems to be the case. We must not make the mistake of judging the Equitable Labor Exchange plan by itself. In reality it must be considered in connection with Owen's general trade union policy, of which it was the complement if not an integral part.

Owen really believed and taught at this time that the trade unions were going to prove the means of solving the social problem. He inspired his followers in the trade unions with that hope. As Francis Place says, he taught that it was possible, "by a universal non-political compact of the wage-earners, to raise wages and shorten the hours of labor to an extent which would give them, at no distant time, the whole proceeds of their labor." Parliament was then a close inpenetrable oligarchy and the local governing bodies were corrupt. Besides, Owen had tried in vain to persuade the government to adopt his plans. His system provided, therefore, that the existing capitalists and managers were to be "superseded by the elected representatives of voluntary and sectional associations of producers." The instruments of production, says Sidney Webb, "were not to become the property of the whole community, but of the particular set of workers who used them. The trade unions were to be transformed into 'national companies' to carry on all manufactures. The agricultural union was to take possession of the land, the miners' union of the mines, the textile unions of the factories. Each trade was to be carried on by its particular trade union, centralized in one 'grand lodge.'"

Utopian and impossible as all this undoubtedly was, and is, it is, nevertheless, easy to see that the Equitable Labor Exchange was only part of a far-reaching plan, and that the criticism of it which I have quoted from Mr. Hillquit's book hardly does justice to Owen's intelligence.

It is worth noticing, also, that Owen's loss of fortune through the failure of the Exchange Banks was due entirely to his own peculiarly high sense of honor. Although it had been expressly stipulated from the first that no moral or financial responsibility should be attached to him more than to any other member in the event of failure, yet, when it was represented to him that large numbers of persons had lost most of their savings who had been drawn to the scheme by his advocacy of it, he assumed, and paid, all the liabilities.

Gods of Unrest

By Elwyn Hoffman

'TIS not by heads bowed humbly to the yoke
In sacrificial patience of the slave;
Nor by the mute back, silent to the stroke
Beating a godling into a brute's grave;
Nor by the tongue, made worthless by long fear,
Or apathetic by a long despair,—
'Tis not by these that Brotherhood draws near,
And Freedom's light streams farther and more fair!

A fury of divine Impatience still
With all that binds and fetters, breaks and mars
The nascent aspiration of Man's will
To lift himself high with the higher stars,—
'Tis by this fine Impatience and Unrest,
This fury and rebellion of the Soul,
That Man draws near and nearer in his quest
To Equity and Peaceable Control!

Antoine Wiertz: Painter of Labor's Triumph

By George D. Herron

NTOINE WIERTZ was born in the old town of Dinant, Belgium, on the banks of the river Meuse, in 1806 and died in 1865.

He is, perhaps, the most singular figure in the history of art, and also a type of art's most creative and courageous genius. Though Rubens was his greatest inspiration, so far as formative influences count, his attitude toward life and his art-motive were as different from Reubens as the utmost liberty of spirit is different from the easiest and most flattering conventionalism. Wiertz was born an artist; the passion for modeling and drawing possessing him as a child. His advantages were few; he spent his life in wretched poverty; he was an intense revolutionist in toward both art and society; he refused to sell any pictures or to paint for money. He was an intense communist in his feeling; though his communism was arrived at by the way of religious impulse and emotion rather than by any scientific knowledge of social questions. His life was full of disappointments, and he died insane. His supreme ambition was to be able to establish a gallery or museum in Brussels, where he lived and painted, devoted entirely to his works. With the aid of friends, this was accomplished; and the Wiertz Museum is one of the things to be seen be the thoughtful traveler at Brussels.

It is difficult to say just what place this neglected and solitary artist will occupy in the history of art. That he had extraordinary genius; that he had a great and splendid soul; that he had noble and unusual ideals; that in both purity of drawing and color-illumination he achieved effects which no other artist achieved—all of these tacts will be recognized. It may be truly said that he lived too morbidly; that his soul was too continuously over-wrought; that his ideals were penetrated with too much of his own agony and even frenzy. Yet in looking at his pictures in the Wiertz Museum, one finds—amidst the titanic figures, with their still more titanic struggles—forms that seem to embody the very soul of repose. What other artist has painted such a Christ?—a Christ so masterful and human, a Christ who had actually fought with the experiences and fates we must all fight with and conquered them, emerging from them with a repose that is primal and elemental, with a mastery of life that is like the might of mountains, yet so ineffably gentle and sweet? After travelling along the miles upon miles of walls devoted to mere canvas and paint, upon which hang thousands upon thousands of Christs, every one of them representing a distorted and agonizing weakling, it is an infinite relief to come upon the face of the Christ which Wiertz puts before us in his "Christ Healing the Factions." And what can be more beautiful or suggestive of what life on our distraught earth ought to be than his "Happy Hours," an ideal drawn from the Greek life at its best? Or what is more majestic, more suggestive of the security of our human future, than his "Triumph of Light"?

Or what artist has ever so caught the innermost spirit of the labor-struggle, and put the soul of that struggle upon canvas? For instance, what centuries of intelligence and comprehension lie between Millet's "Man with the Hoe" and Wiertz' "Triumph of Labor"? Although both artists belong to the same art period, we find Millet making a glory and a religion of labor's dumb and eternal brute submission to brute strength, to sheer economic might, while Wiertz makes a glory of labor's emancipation, of labor's refusal to any longer submit; makes a wholly new and millenial world in the atmosphere about the faces that typify labor's liberation of itself.

It is this that this extraordinary artist has accomplished in the picture entitled, "The Triumph of Labor," or, as Wiertz sometimes entitled it, "Labor Liberating and Embracing Its Oppressors." After having broken off his shackles by his own right and might, the self-emancipated and glorified worker turns upon the oppressor, who would keep him bound and submissive, not to assail him with retribution and revenge, with judgement or destruction, but with that felowship which is to embrace the world, and which will know only good-will towards all men, and know only friends and brothers and refuse to recognize or consider enmity. Through the medium of paint and color, he has set forth what is probably a true prophecy of the future, however distant it may be—a future which we cannot see in our dark day, but which we may hope and trust lies the other side of the revolution.

Men and Man

By Scott Temple

OUT of the goodnesses of differing men
Skilled Progress moulds the newer, better man;
And as the ages come and go again,
She swerveth never from her primal plan.

Out of the many she doth make the one;
Out of the conflict of opposing thought,
With labor and with turmoil never done,
There is by her own hands one issue brought.

She takes her contribution from them all;
She levies toll upon the human race,
That in the highest seat she may instal
The social man who loves his brother's face.

From prophets, priests, and seers, she quickly takes
What she can use to mould the higher soul;
From stern apostles, martyrs of the stakes,
She draws best parts to shape the better whole.

From every poet doth she take a song
To weave it in the music she began,
One mighty harmony wherein the throng
Of poets' voices wake the rhythmic man.

A hint in every artist doth she find,
To paint her picture of the social heart,
To draw her portrait of the social mind
Framed in the world of nature men and art.

Views and Reviews

I WONDER if anything very serious would happen if some publisher should have the temerity to publish a book in English dealing with the life or the teachings of August Comte without the authorization, in the shape of an introduction, by Mr. Frederic Harrison? In a general way I am not averse to being "introduced" to a book by some person other than the author with the necessary tact. I like the introduction which is at once kindly and competent and which gives me at the start either a warmer interest in the subject or some hint of the author's qualities and qualifications just as the discreet hostess when bringing strange guests together manages to convey to each some hint, however slight, which enables them to approach each other with more ease than would otherwise be possible.

Now I am not going to commit the sacrilege of questioning the competency of Mr. Frederic Harrison either as a positivist or literateur; but I do confess that his introduction to Prof. Lévy-Bruhl's "The Philosophy of August Comte" (Putnams), lacks what I conceive to be the essential features of a really useful introductory note. It is altogether too perfunctory to be of any real value. Still, the mere fact that Mr. Harrison lends the weight of his name to the work is sufficient to assure us that at least the pro-Comtists are satisfied with the interpretation of their great master's philosophy, and that is an important consideration, especially when we remember how vehemently they have protested against the majority of other serious attempts in the same direction. And to the most skeptical the merits of Positivism such an assurance will be quite as welcome as to the most reverent disciple.

Of Prof. Lévy-Bruhl's eminent fitness to undertake such an interpretation of Comte's philosophical system there can be no question. He is the author of a most important "History of Modern Philosophy in France" which has won the approval of the best scholarship of France. That he is an adherent of Comte must, I think, be affirmed despite the earnestness with which Mr. Harrison would deny it in order to prove his "impartiality." For it seems to me that not even Mr. Harrison himself could more completely endorse all the essential principles of Comte's philosophy. While he makes some reservations as to his system of positive religion which indicate an absence of intellectual slavishnes, he defends Comte from the attacks made by Mill, Spencer, and others, with the fidelity of the disciple. One does not have to read beyond the introductory chapter of M. Lévy-Bruhl's work, it seems to me, to be convinced that it is the work of a faithful disciple.

Comte was one of the great utopians in the sense that he regarded himself as being singled out to redeem the world by formulating the principle of "social reorganization." He differs materially, however, from the other great utopians of his time, his master and teacher, Saint-Simon, in particular, in that he does not regard it as being possible to immediately adopt any scheme of improved institutions: "other problems, more theoretical in character, must be solved beforehand." Comte's position may be best understood from his own words. In 1824 he writes: "I regard all discussions upon institutions as pure nonsense, until the spiritual reorganization of society has been brought about, or at least is very far advanced." And again, "Institutions depend on morals, and morals, in their turn, depend on beliefs. Every scheme of new instituions will therefore be useless so long as morals have not been 'reorganized,' and so long as, to reach this end, a general system of opinions has not been founded, which are accepted by all minds as true, as was, for instance, the system of Catholic dogma in Europe in the Middle Ages." It is apparent from this that Comte does not conceive the possibility of any solution of the social problem except as a result of the stablishment of a new philosophical system.

Born in a Catholic Royalist family in the year 1798, the great French philosopher seems to have been most precocious as a child. At thirteen, he tells us, he had completely broken with the political convictions and religious faiths of his own people. But it may well be, as M. Lévy-Bruhl suggests, that his emancipation was not altogether so complete as he himself imagined. At any rate, he always maintained the liveliest admiration for the Catholic Church. Mathematics was the first subject which seriously occupied his mind, but, while at the Ecole polytechnique he studied also physics and chemistry and "meditated" a good deal upon political and philosophical subjects. So that, when at twenty years of age, he met Saint-Simon his mind was already to a very great extent a prepared field. For four years he surrendered himself wholly to Saint-Simon, and delighted in calling himself "pupil of M. Saint-Simon." In 1822 he took an important independent step by publishing his famous pamphlet in which all the essentials of his positive system, afterwards so patiently and ingeniously elaborated, are contained. Saint-Simon indeed wrote a preface to the pamphlet but it was not very luminous or appreciative. The truth was that Comte's step meant the end of their association. The breach between them widened and in 1824 they parted for ever. With admirable judicial calm M. Lévy-Bruhl deals with the foolish controversy so long waged concerning the measure of Comte's indebtedness to Saint-Simon: to the latter he gives the credit of having provided his illustrous pupil with the initial stimulus. That is a judgement which the world will probably accept despite the carping of the criticis.

Space forbids my making even the slightest attempt to give anything like a comprehensive account of Comte's teachings. His magnitude and scope cannot be comprehended in the space of a short review. It takes M. Lévy-Bruhl more than three hundred and fifty pages to do that! The "Religion of Humanity" which Comte formulated contains much that is very beautiful and noble as, for instance, the idea that what is best of each "superior man" survives his death and becomes an integral part of the race life in succeeding generations, and the best part, too. The whole positivist theory is very carefully and lucidly set forth by the author, the treatment of the "Law of the Three States" being particularly good.

M. Lévy-Bruhl credits Comte with being the creator of contemporary sociology, and, to some extent, of scientific psychology as well. He also credits him with having very largely influenced many of the leading philosophers of the nineteenth century, including Renan, Taine, Spencer, and Mill. The criticisms of the two latter thinkers directed against the weak points, as it seemed to them, of Comte's system are ably and succinctly met by the author. Altogether this is an admirable summary and critical exposition of the works of August Comte for which our thanks are due to author, translator, and publishers. In the translation Miss Kathleen de Beaumont-Klien has performed an exceedingly difficult task with distinctive success.

* * *

Some time ago I received a book bearing the imprint of Abe Isaak, Jr., of "Free Society," the well known Anarchist organ. The book was C. L. James's "History of the French Revolution," a volume of some three hundred pages which originally ran serially in "Free Society." I have only lately managed to read the book and, notwithstanding that it has been declared that "delayed praise hath little flavor," I desire, even at this late day, to express my sense of its importance and worth.

No great episode in history has been more written about —and lied about—than the French Revolution. In the English language there was for a very long time little disposition to do justice to that great event. Indeed, it is not too much to say that, not until the publication of the first two volumes of the splendid, but unfortunately unfinished, "History of the French Revolution" by Mr. Morse Stephens did we have anything like a decent account of what, after all, is one of the most interesting as well as important episodes in human history. Carlyle, for instance, so long reverenced, gabbles away with scant regard for truth and with an eye for effect. His work, notwithstanding the avalanches of eloquence, is of little value to the reader who really desires to understand the French Revolution. Other writers in addition to Stephens, like Belfort Bax in England and Mr. Thomas Watson in this country, have done much by way of dispelling the ridiculously false impressions created by those writers who, like Carlyle, allowed their prejudices to overcome their reasoning powers. To their ranks Mr. James is a worthy and valuable recruit.

Mr. James's work is, so far as I have been able to determine, remarkable for its accuracy as well as for its keen critical insight into the heart of things. I have tried it upon many points and have invariably found it to agree with the best and most modern scholarship. Little or nothing of importance seems to have been missed, and a well developed sense of historical prespective is manifest throughout. Needless to say, I do not agree with all the author's Anarchistic opinions: my unbelief in Anarchism, however, does not blind me to the conspicuous ability of the writer, or the sterling merits of his book. The author's style should captivate the ordinary reader and satisfy the most exacting critic. There is a "Bibliography" of very questionable value. The author's choice seems indefensibly whimsical and the omissions are numerous and important.

The mechanical details of the book would, under ordinary circumstances, call for little comment. Had the book appeared with the imprint of any one of the well known publishing houses one might, without being at all hypercritical, find a good deal to say by way of criticism. But having regard to the difficulties which, I know, must have attended its production, it seems to me that the result is highly creditable to all concerned.

* * *

I am sorry that I cannot say so much of Mr. John Mitchell's formidable looking book with its elongated title. Badly printed upon miserable paper and execrably bound, this is one of the wretchedest specimens of book-making which it has been my lot to see these many months. Whatever Mr. Mitchell's fortunes as an author may be, the manner of his first appearance in that role is exceedingly unfortunate.

The title of the book suggests something of its range and purpose—"Organized Labor, Its Problems, Purposes, and Ideals; and the Present and Future of the American Wage Earners." Now, so long as Mr. Mitchell keeps to the collection of historical data, or to the orderly arrangement of all the familiar commonplaces of trade unionism and the discussion of methods of organization of trade unions, he is upon fairly safe ground. Sidney and Beatrice Webb's "History of Trade Unionism" (England) provides him with a groundwork that is fairly reliable. Chapters VII, VIII and IX which deal with the history of trade unionism in this country are full of interest, and while the author does not furnish us with any information of importance which we did not already possess (indicating compilation rather than independent research), it is some advantage to have this information brought together in this way.

But when Mr. Mitchell ventures to discuss the vital problems of trade unionism, or whenever he touches upon industrial economics, he imperils his reputation as a student of such questions and as a leader of men. The head of the United Mine Workers' Union shows a lamentable lack of courage, it seems to me, whenever he deals with any one of the vital problems which the unions are at present called upon to solve. He is always destructive: when he attempts anything like a constructive policy he fails lamentably, and his words seem hollow, and, to no slight extent, ridiculous mockeries. He denounces the use of the injunction against trade unions in unmeasured terms, but when he comes to discuss the question of remedying the evil he has nothing to offer or suggest but this foolish advice—a counsel of despair: the workers in the unions must try to convert the legislators and the judges by sending deputations to them and back it up by half-filling the jails of the land so that public opinion may be influenced! The famous Taff Vale case is more than once referred to by Mr. Mitchell but he never once attempts to discuss its important bearing upon the situation here in America, notwithstanding that it has been slavishly followed, and that the danger arising from the general acceptance of the principles laid down in that case constitutes the most urgent problem which confronts the trade unions of this country at the present time.

The book is embellished, not to say "illustrated" with a number of poorly executed half-tone engravings, portraits of well known trade union leaders and some industrial pictures which, while very interesting, are by no means illustrations of the text. For the amount of historical data which the author has brought together the book will prove of some value to the student: it possesses little merit otherwise.

* * *

"Bisocialism: the Reign of the Man at the Margin" is the title of a new work by Oliver R. Trowbridge, published by the Moody Publishing Company of this city. "Bisocialism" is a new word which Mr. Trowbridge has "coined" to designate his hybrid economic theory. "Omnisocialism," another new and perfectly hideous term which Mr. Trowbridge invents, "contemplates a complete readjustment of society . . . . by destroying private capitalism . . . . and the private employment of one man by another." In other words, Mr. Trowbridge gives to Socialism a most undesirable prefix. "Bisocialism" in contradistinction to "Omnisocialism" would socialize only two things, "natural opportunities—represented by ground values—and public utilities."

This is, of course, the very apotheosis of Georgism, the single tax idea augmented by a limited application of the Socialist idea after the fashion of the present day single taxers.

It was Henry George from whom Mr. Trowbridge, in 1883, received his initial inspiration. Afterwards, in 1892, "through reviews and translations" he became acquainted with the works of the Austrian school of economists, from them obtaining the "suggestion" (!) that "primarily value is not a matter of labor cost, but of utility." As a matter of fact, the closeness with which Mr. Trowbridge sticks to the text of Bohm-Bawerk and his English disciples, Jevons, Marshall, Foxwell, Wicksteed, and others, suggests that the word "suggestion" with him has a very different meaning from that which we ordinary mortals who find the English

language fairly adequate to our needs give to it. Apparently, Mr. Trowbridge, despite his pseudo-scientific method and pose, has never read enough of Ricardo to find not only the "suggestion" of a utility-theory, but a reply to it which has never yet been met either by the Austrian or the English advocates of the theory. In the main, Mr. Trowbridge follows the Jevonian phraseology in the elaboration of his theory of value even to the puerile attempt to escape the ridicule which a strict "utility" theory, using the word in its legitimate sense, must bring, by using it and other words like "desirability," "esteem," and so on as synonyms. That this is nothing more nor less than an evasion is not the most important point. The important point is that had Mr. Trowbridge been at all familiar with the "classical school" of economists he would have been well aware that, under the name of "supply and demand," this so-called "utility-theory" of value was stated by Lord Lauderdale a good deal more effectively than by either Jevons, Marshall, or Mr. Trowbridge himself.

Mr. Trowbridge invents a good many other new terms and claims credit, apparently, for some that are not new: at least he does not make any acknowledgment of indebtedness. "Labor-power," for example, and "capital-form," are a good deal older than Mr. Trowbridge's economic studies. A good many of his invented terms are absolutely freakish and suggest that he has considered the invention of new terms to be a scientific sine qua non and far more important than the elucidation of the problems with which he deals. Does Mr. Trowbridge, or anybody else for that matter, think that the use of "aid-form" for industrial capital, or "current trade-form" for currency, are helpful changes?

"Bisocialism' is an ingenious connection of the single tax with an ingenious, but quite discredited, theory of value. It is an economic hybrid, and, as is usually the case with hybrids, is more interesting than valuable. The infertility of hybrids in general seems to be more than a little likely to hold good with refernce to "Bisocialism."

* * *

I have already written briefly of Bliss Carman's admirable volume of essays, "The Kinship of Nature," and only the fulfillment of my promise to return to it in this issue compels me to devote the remainder of my space to it.

Upon the whole, no book of essays which I have read during recent years has given me greater pleasure than this charming collection of Mr. Carman's poetic and genial papers. It is a book worthy to rank with Richard Jeffries's admirable idyls of field and hedgerow—a book which will afford the reader abiding pleasure. Some of the papers, "Rhythm," "Careless Nature," "Trees," and "The Scarlet of the Year,' for example, are as beautiful and tender and true as anything Jeffries ever wrote.

Indeed, save in patches, "The Kinship of Nature" is a great and inspiring book. I am sorry to have to make the qualification, "save in patches," but a second reading of the book during the last few days serves only to deepen that impression which I obtained from a first reading. There is a feeling that Mr. Carman, however ardent his love of nature may be, is a good deal of a diletante when it comes to dealing with the great human problems of art and life which he writes upon in such essays as "Haste and Waste," "The Crime of Ugliness," "The Cost of Beauty," and "The Luxury of Being Poor." In "The Crime of Ugliness" there is a splendid arraignment of the sordid ugliness of our modern life, and a strong plea for Beauty as a social virtue, but at the end of the essay, when he has made us feel keenly the hideousness of the ugliness by which we are needlessly surrounded, he preaches to us a little homily telling us to do the impossible—to be beautiful in our lives and works. At times, as in this very essay, Mr. Carman surprises the Socialist reader by his keen appreciation of the essentials of the Socialist philosophy, but just when he is about to be admitted into the inner circle of comradeship he strikes a false note of bourgeois individualism.

When Mr. Carman writes of the beauties of nature he is at his best. His poetic insight and fancifulness and his familiarity with nature's moods combine to make him an ideal interpreter. His judgments on matters pertaining to art are also, so it seems to me, sound in the main though at times somewhat strained. As a moralist, however, he is just a wee bit tedious: one feels all the time that his thoughts are not of or for the active seething world of men. They belong to the world of books—and dreams.

This is Mr. Carman's first prose volume and its success from an artistic point of view is unquestionable. A perfect master of lyric verse forms, he has shown himself almost equally great as a prose writer. I have culled a few passages from these essays which will be found elsewhere in the present issue. Mechanically, the book is a handsome piece of work.

J. S.

Books &c. Received

BRANN: THE ICONOCLAST. A Collection of the Writings of W. C. Brann. Two volumes; cloth: each 464 pages. Waco, Texas: Brann Book Company.

*THE TORCH. By Herbert M. Hopkins. Cloth; 398 pages. Price $1.50. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

L'ETAT SOCIALISTE. Par Anton Menger, Professeur a l'Universite de Vienne. Traduit par Edgard Milhaud, Professeur a l'Universite de Geneve; avec une Introduction de Charles Andler. Paper XLIV—385 pages. Prix, 3 fr. 50. Paris; Societe Nouvelle de Libraire et d'edition (17 Rue Cujas, Ve.)

*A LISTENER IN BABEL. By Vida D. Scudder. Cloth, IX—322 pages. Price, $1.50. Boston; Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

ESARHADDON AND OTHER TALES. By Leo Tolstoy. Cloth; 64 pages. Price, 40c net. New York: Funk and Wagnalls.

THE THIRD POWER: FARMERS TO THE FRONT. By J. A. Everitt. Paper; 275 pages. Indianapolis: The Hollenbeck Press.

*THE DEFENCE OF GUENEVERE AND OTHER POEMS. By William Morris. Cloth; fully illustrated. Price, $1.50 net. New York: John Eane.

*THE SALE OF AN APPETITE. By Paul Lafargue. Trans ated by C. H. Kerr. Cloth; illustrated; 57 pages. Price, 50c. Chicago: Cherles H. Kerr.

THE AMERICAN FARMER. By A. M. Simons. New Edition. Cloth; 214 pages. Price, 50c. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr.

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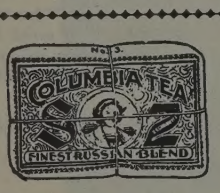

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From the Comrades

Comrade Fred Bradshaw writes us from Birmingham, England: "I shall always bless the day that a comrade here brought your splendid paper under my notice. I anticipate its arrival with pleasure and read it with great interest."

Dear Comrades:—I find to my regret and my loss that I have never sent you my renewal for "The Comrade." I enclose post office order for $1.25, and shall be glad if you will continue to send me the paper. Begin with No. 1, vol. III. I could find much to say in praise of your work had I time. It is a grief to me that here in England we have nothing which can compare with the work you are doing. When some of you get tired of New York, just come right over to London or Manchester and set about effecting an artistic revolution in the Socialist press. Fraternally yours, T. R. MARR.

Dear Comrades:—I enclose 50 cents, as my first monthly payment on a five dollar share in the Comrade Co-operative Company, and 75 cents for 100 copies of "Hanford's Reply to Havemeyer.' Fraternally yours, FORREST BERRY.

The "History of Socialism in the United States," by Comrade Hillquit, is a book that should receive the attention of every local of the Socialist Party. This book is an educational work of the highest order. Many locals have already ordered a supply, using it in different ways, as the following letters show. The comrades in Springfield, Mass., are leading with twenty-one copies:

Dear Comrades:—At a meeting of the Central Committee of the Socialist Party, a motion was carried that we purchase a copy of the "History of Socialism in the United States," by Morris Hillquit, the same to be placed in the Public Library. I herewith send you M. O in payment for a copy of the book. Fraternally yours,
FRED. GRAUER, Toledo, O.

Dear Comrades:—I received Comrade Hillquit's book—thanks. I am like all Socialists—a little short (financially), and so I got a few of the comrades to contribute a little each to pay for the same, and we decided to donate the book to the Kalamazoo Public Library. Fraternally yours,
WM. L. BENESSI.

A comrade from the South writes: "The November issue of "The Comrade" is at hand. I have not as yet had time to read it thoroughly, but I already see that there is even more than the usual amount of food for thought and growth in it. I always keep it close at hand and refer to it from time to time until a new issue arrives. I am glad to see the announcement of the incorporation of the company, and I hope that by means of stock subscriptions and the increased interest a stockholder must feel in the success of the company, you will soon be free from financial worry. I regret that I am able to subscribe, at the present time, for but one share of stock. This, however, it gives me pleasure to do—more, perhaps, because the enclosed five dollars is individually my own, earned by the sweat of my whole body at hard labor at the farm."

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